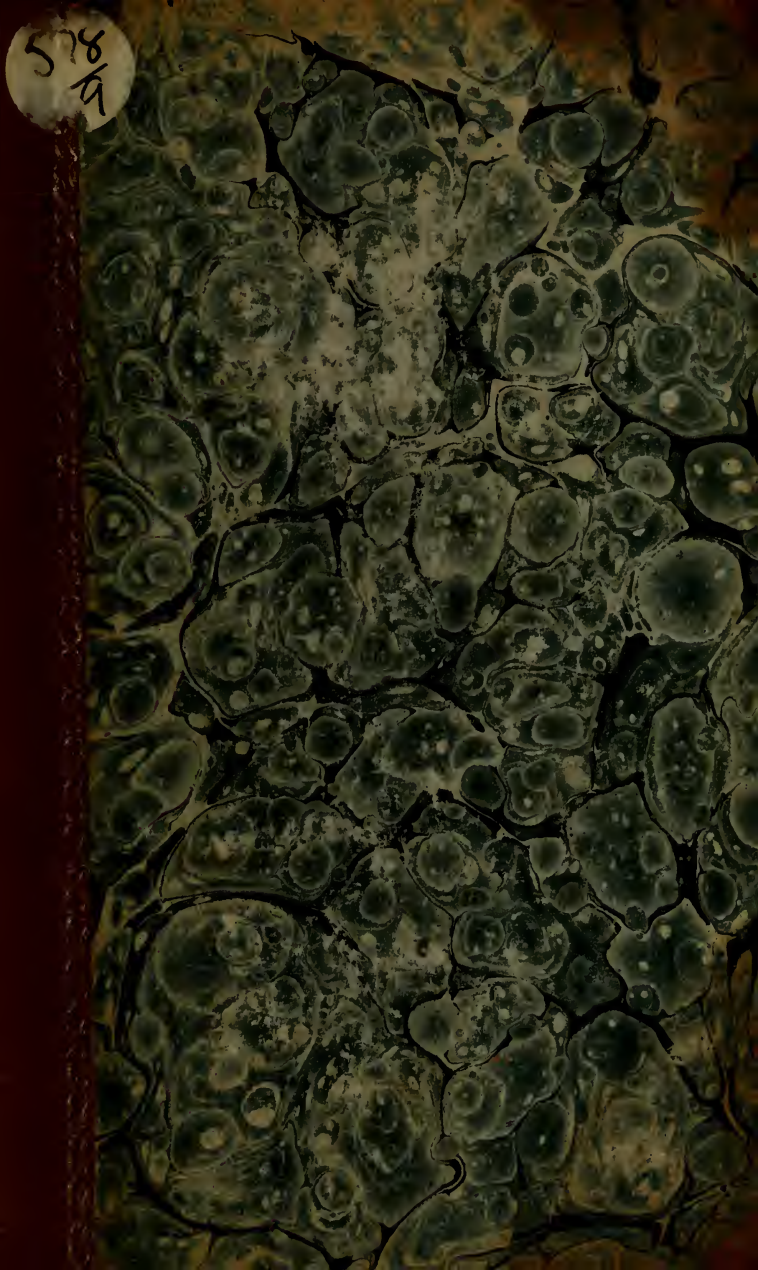
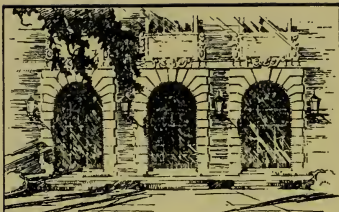


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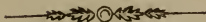


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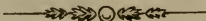
OR,

THE DAY OF TRIAL.

A ROMANCE.



IN FOUR VOLUMES.



BY

MARY HILL,

AUTHOR OF THE FOREST OF COMALVA, &c.



To live with fame,
The gods allow to many ; but to die
With equal lustre, is a blessing Heaven
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows.

GLOVER.



VOL. IV.



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1813.

ANSELM O.

CHAP. I.

The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind;
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills;
The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills;
The dying gales that pant upon the trees;
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze—
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid;
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A deathlike silence, and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

POPE.

THE interval of anxiety now passed by Eleanor, as to the reception she should meet with at so unexpected a return to

the monastery, was soon terminated : she was instantly recognized by the conventuals with emotions of the truest pleasure. They conducted her to the abbess, who likewise tenderly embraced her ; and the congratulatory looks which were exchanged from eye to eye, conveyed more real joy to the heart of Eleanor, than the most studied compliments or protestations of regard could possibly have imparted. However great was the curiosity of the sisterhood to learn the events which had happened to Eleanor, during her residence at the castle of Oldenzo, yet, on perceiving her faint, and requiring rest, they humanely forbore their inquiries. The abbess herself attended the lovely girl to her apartment, where, according to the strict observance maintained in that convent of devotional exercise, prayers were read by the superior ; in which Eleanor joined with pious and unaffected fervour. The voice of the abbess often faltered during the service, and

and at times became quite inaudible. Eleanor felt the utmost solicitude to learn the cause of these emotions, fearing indisposition was the consequence of them. At the conclusion of the vespers, she affectionately inquired respecting her health? to which the venerable devotee replied—"Not quite so well, my child, as when you left us; lowness of spirits is an infirmity, however, I am often subject to: I shall be better to-morrow."—A tear stole down her cheek as she expressed that opinion—another followed; and therefore finding herself totally unable to repress these sensations of sorrow, in silent grief she left the apartment.

"Alas!" Eleanor now mentally exclaimed, "what an unfortunate being I am!—ever in pursuit of happiness, looking forward to some distant good, which, even when obtained, flies from me swifter than the velocity of departing light—returns, and then is lost to *me* for ever!" This reflection, from the ap-

parent melancholy of the abbess, and the hesitation she had evinced in answer to every inquiry Eleanor had made concerning the health of the confessor Lodovico, was too true, she thought, to admit of the least doubt: her fears represented he was dying, and that she should never behold him more.—“Cecilia too,” she then continued—“Unkind Cecilia, not to welcome me on my arrival! nor even to express a wish to see me! Alas! how does time and absence weaken, nay sometimes obliterate, the most endeared friendships!”

So passed with Eleanor the tedious night; unable to sleep, and yet so much requiring it, her agitation at length became so excessive, as to determine her, long before the matin-bell had summoned the nuns to the chapel, to seek Cecilia, in hopes that her suspense might then be terminated, as to the cause of the grief of the abbess. She took up the lamp, and proceeded to the nun’s apartment;
the

the door, however, was fastened; and being fearful of disturbing her, Eleanor seated herself near the cell, to wait until Cecilia would be obliged to attend the chapel.

At length the faint rays of morning broke through the grated windows of the monastery. The matin-bell rang; and the conventuals were beginning to prepare for their pious avocations. Eleanor again listened to hear if her friend had arisen; she knocked softly at the door—called her by name, but no answer was returned—repeated it several times, well knowing that Cecilia, if she neglected attending the customary devotions, would receive a severe reprimand from the superior. Several of the nuns now approached, and on observing their young novice alone, they requested she would accompany them to the service. “I thank you,” said Eleanor, “but I am waiting to attend your sister Cecilia.”—“Have you been into the cell?” inquired one of them.—“No,” she replied, “I cannot
B 3 obtain

obtain admittance ; the door is locked."

—" Oh, then you had better come with us," said an elderly nun, looking significantly at her companions, " for it is very probable Cecilia is already there."

Tears filled the eyes of Eleanor, as she was now obliged, however reluctantly, to follow them. The remissness of her friend not attending to her religious duties, she recollected, had once before subjected the nun to a severe punishment, which Eleanor knew, from her present ill state of health, she would now be less able to endure. On their entrance into the chapel, in vain did the amiable girl look around to recognize the holy sister. Unable to conceal her disappointment, she whispered to one of the nuns—" I told you, Agnes, we should not find her here ; it was cruel of us not to awake her ;" and continued—" Indeed I must return to the cell, for I cannot bear to think Cecilia should again suffer through my negligence." They were
silent.

silent. Eleanor therefore glided with great swiftness to re-enter the convent; but just as she had approached the door, the monk Lodovico's appearance arrested her progress. He questioned her whither she was going? The pleasure, however, of finding that her fears, in respect to the health of the confessor, were groundless, deprived her for a moment of the use of speech; at length she said, with much hesitation—"I am on my way to Cecilia; I do not believe she has heard the matin-bell;" and continued—"Will you permit me, holy father, to acquaint her it is prayer-time?" Lodovico shuddered. Eleanor went on, rather impatiently—"The neglect will not be overlooked by the superior, and the punishment I know is severe."

The monk turned pale, trembled, and taking hold of her hand, said, with much emotion—"My dear child, I cannot permit that you should suffer for the faults of others: attend to your own

duty ; that will be found a sufficient occupation, believe me." This admonition, proceeding from the confessor, was quite enough to prevent Eleanor from pursuing her intention. With downcast eyes, and in deep confusion, from this salutary reprimand of Lodovico, she regained her seat. Prayers commenced ; but the mind of Eleanor was too much occupied by uneasiness for her friend, to pay that deference and composed attention which is due in a place of religious worship.

On the service being finished, the monk Lodovico again addressed her, by saying, with a peculiar dejectedness of manner—" I have to thank you for your letter, which I duly received : I am prepared to solve all your doubts, your perplexities ; and therefore I request, as soon as you have tendered your obeisance to the abbess, you will attend on me—" he paused for a moment, and then continued—" for I have much sad news to
com-

communicate, which, however unwilling I may be to cause you uneasiness, I must divulge: it is the express, and perhaps last command of your benefactor," said Lodovico, "the unfortunate count Anselmo." At the mention of this revered name, Eleanor burst into tears. The solemnity with which the confessor pronounced the latter sentence deeply affected her. Fain would she have solicited to know likewise the fate of the hapless Almeria: the words died on her lips; and she could only reply, in obedience to the monk's request—"I will attend you, holy father." They then separated. Eleanor instantly waited on the superior, but was refused admittance: the following answer she obtained from one of the attendant nuns—"The mind of the abbess is too ill at ease for her to receive any visitors whatever."

This intelligence confirmed the presentiment Eleanor had previously entertained of some dreadful event having re-

cently happened at the monastery. In extreme agitation, she now bent her course to the cell of Lodovico, suspense being more afflicting than actual evil. The confessor was studiously employed in writing; but on her entrance, arose, and led her to a seat. Perceiving the emotion of the amiable girl, he said, with much humanity—"My dear child, pray compose yourself; reflect that we are all born to suffer; and that those who meet their fate *here* with the most humility and resignation, will receive a brighter reward hereafter;" and continued—"I am finishing a letter to the count, whom I suppose you know is yet a resident at Turin; a few minutes leave, therefore, and I am at your service." Eleanor bowed acquiescence, and taking up a book from the table, went towards the window to peruse it. Not one line of it, however, could she comprehend, so confused and desultory were her ideas; closing the volume, therefore, and on looking towards

wards

wards Lodovico, she observed his manly countenance oppressed with grief; then, on some silent ejaculation of pious fervour, would he raise his eyes to heaven, apparently to implore for mercy. The letter was at length finished; it was placed carefully in his writing-desk; and then, with a heavy sigh, did Lodovico exclaim—“ Thus is *one* arduous task completed!—God only knows how I shall be able to terminate the other!” Most piteously the monk now addressed his young pupil, in a voice which he did not intend should falter, but yet it trembled through every sentence—“ Cecilia,” he apostrophized—“ that hapless nun, your dearest friend, my child, is lost to us for ever!”

“ Not another word like that, for the love of Heaven!” replied the agitated Eleanor. Lodovico was silent. She continued—“ Oh, my poor adopted sister! thy untimely death is indeed an afflictive stroke to your Eleanor!”—“ Too sensitive being,” exclaimed the monk, “ you

are not fitted for such a world as this ; inconsiderate mortal ! you strew your path with thorns, leaving not a single flower to mingle with the noisome weeds. Be more temperate ; learn of *me* to quell these wild infantine expressions of sorrow ; they are ridiculous : for never can I believe," said Lodovico, " the reality of a woman's grief towards her *own* sex ; it is dissonant to nature, and can therefore only take its rise from affectation. As a man," continued the monk, " I do, in truth, lament her hapless fate ; for know that I adored Cecilia—left my country, home, and every friend on earth, to pass my days in her society. I was not destined for a monastic life ; no, no !" he continued—" the world afforded too many sources of pleasure for me to have relinquished it at any price or allure-ment, but that of a wounded heart ! Every happiness then faded before my eyes ; pleasure turned to pain, and day changed to perpetual night. If *you* af-
fect

fect such frantic sorrow," said Lodovico, still addressing the trembling girl, "then what must *mine* be? Yet you cannot perceive such enthusiasm in *me*. I bow resignedly to the Supreme Director of events! Time is precious, and surely lost in weak laments; controul, therefore, your childish weakness, or instantly withdraw."

Eleanor sufficiently felt this reproof, but uttered not a word. She sat motionless; and therefore, the monk perceiving his injunction was attended to, after some considerable time passed in mutual silence, in softer accents he thus continued—"From the friendship which has subsisted between you and Cecilia, it may perhaps be needless to inform you, that she was the only sister of the present signior Rodolphus, and the lawful wife to count Anselmo of Valleroy."—"Eleonora!" was now just breathed by his auditor.—"Yes," replied Lodovico, "her maiden name, Eleonora Cecilia Rodolphus;

phus; and from the similarity of your Christian appellation, the time, the circumstances attendant on your discovery when an infant, the count is convinced you are the offspring of their ill-fated union.”—“ Oh no !” she exclaimed, with a peculiar degree of spirit, “ do not believe it, holy father ; for with the story of my birth and parentage I am already well acquainted—of that, however, more hereafter : pardon the interruption ; I beseech you to continue the relation, for I am lost in astonishment.” Lodovico proceeded, therefore, to inform her—“ That two-and-twenty years since, they were privately married (by the former confessor of Santa Maria) in the temple of Valleroy ; that the *document* which acknowledges it, signed by the parties, with the name and seal of the priest who officiated at the ceremony, lay concealed in that building.”

Eleanor now ventured to inquire the reason of such profound secrecy ? which
the

the monk instantly satisfied, by saying— That Anselmo was, by the command of his father, betrothed at a very early age to another. The remaining part of the narrative, as now related by Lodovico, the reader is already acquainted with, excepting the disclosure of the monk's affection for the sister of Rodolphus, who had introduced him to his family, for the express purpose of soliciting the hand of the beautiful Eleonora. On this subject he expatiated, therefore, with peculiar feeling; particularly the severe disappointment to his hopes, on being apprized, from her own lips, the unalienable attachment she felt towards another.

“ It now appears,” said Lodovico, “ from a manuscript I have lately found in the temple of Valleroy, written by herself, that all her sufferings have arisen from too faithfully obeying the injunction of secrecy, in respect to her marriage with Anselmo. Every noble feeling, so dearly prized by the virtuous of her
own

own sex—reputed honour, character, and duty, Eleonora reflected on as trivial, in comparison to that of offending the man she loved. Fatal passion, most lamentable to the poor enslaved victim!” continued the monk, his spirit rising as he spoke; “for Rodolphus, enraged at the supposed dishonour committed on his family, without listening to the aid of reason, his sister’s tears or entreaties, imploring with distracted grief for forgiveness, in a paroxysm of revenge, amounting to madness, conveyed her, by night, to this convent—related to the abbess the villainy of his friend, Theodore Anselmo, and gave the most peremptory orders for Eleonora’s strict confinement; and after the customary probation, by command of his father, (as he said,) she was to receive the veil. Suffice then to say,” resumed Lodovico, after a short pause, “that the hapless fair one, believing herself neglected by Anselmo, well knowing it was pity, not love, which had

con-

consecrated their union, and the grief she felt for the death of her infant, (of which, however," said the monk, "in the opinion of count Anselmo, there is great doubt,) Eleonora was led like a lamb to the sacrifice, and the world closed upon her for ever.

"A few months afterwards, accidentally meeting with Rodolphus, he informed me of the melancholy event of his sister having embraced the veil, but which was related with malignant pleasure; and I understood it was assented to by all his family, to prevent publicity to their disgrace. Rodolphus then observed to me, that the outward garb of friendship was still retained by them towards the inhabitants of the castle of Valleroy; the elder count Anselmo having lent his father large sums of money, which he had not the power to repay. He then acquainted me with the report circulated by him of his sister's death, to elude all further inquiry; emphatically repeating, 'Yes,
she

she is dead, to Anselmo ; but not so my revenge—for that he shall find will be alive for ever ! Much more Rodolphus uttered,” continued the monk, “ but it is too dreadful to relate to you, my child. I perceive you are now almost exhausted with painful attention to this sad history. I must resume it another time.” Eleanor would fain have requested the conclusion of it, because she still suffered the most afflicting suspense, respecting the *fate* which had attended the unfortunate nun. Yet, since the reproof which she had received from the confessor, timidity prevented her from inquiring.

CHAP. II.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation ;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This show'r, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.

SHAKESPEARE.

Lodovico having now rested for a few minutes, finally closed his letter to the count, and read several prayers. On observing the anxiety of the amiable girl to hear the remaining part of the narrative, he thus again continued—"All my expostulations to calm the antipathy Rodolphus

dolphus felt towards Anselmo, as he found so many arguments, in his opinion, to justify it, were unavailing. At the period of my meeting with him," said the monk, "I was on my way to visit a relation of my deceased father, at Loretto; Rodolphus, therefore, cordially invited me to pass a few days at the castle of Oldenzo: I accepted of it; and there, for the first time, was introduced to my rival, the present count Anselmo. He was habited in deep mourning; and on having obtained leave of absence from his regiment, had thought it his duty first to pay his respects to signior and madame Rodolphus, to condole with them on the loss of their lovely daughter. Anselmo's looks were so expressive of unfeigned sorrow and inward distress of mind, that I instantaneously was prepossessed in his favour. To my astonishment, every inhabitant of the castle received him with the most specious marks of friendship. Deceit I had not been accustomed to
prac-

practise, therefore could not suppose it would dwell in the breast of another: it lulled all my suspicions, in regard to the before-meditated revenge of the young Rodolphus; and I departed with the hope that all their animosity was sunk into oblivion. For some months afterwards," continued Lodovico, "I led a sad desultory kind of life: the form of Eleonora pursued me wherever I went; and I was truly miserable. The death of, about that time, the confessor of Santa Maria, determined me to supply his place, which, through the interest of my noble relatives, who offered no objection, I became what you now behold me," said the monk, "a religious devotee. About that time, I received an insulting letter from Rodolphus, who was offended at my having embraced a monastic life. The principal tenor of it alluded to his sister, convinced I had only accepted the holy office in the hope of gratifying a *then* dishonourable passion. Such a false as-

sertion

sertion I treated with contempt, and never saw Rodolphus more. Thus, therefore," continued Lodovico, "expired my amity towards the brother of Eleonora; but, in exchange, I have enjoyed, for more than twenty years, the prouder distinction of his sister's friendship. She has been a prey to corroding grief and illness; and without incurring the charge of egotism, I think I may say, that but for me her lovely form must long since have sunk under such accumulating misfortunes.

"On the death of the elder count Anselmo," resumed the monk, after a short pause, rendered necessary by the agitation he evinced in bringing past events to remembrance, "I was requested by the afflicted son to officiate in the awful ceremony of consigning the revered remains of an affectionate parent to the tomb of his ancestors. From that lamented period, the present count Anselmo has reposed in me the most unlimited
con-

confidence, excepting on *one* subject, that of Eleonora, in which, from a sense of delicacy, I was equally silent.

“ The various passions that lead the mind of man to action, the peculiar temper and dispositions of those,” said the monk, “ which, from an extensive knowledge and acquaintance with life, fell under my notice, I accurately surveyed; and the result of such laborious study has been, and still continues to be, that all human nature is concentrated into one principle, namely, *ambition*; although different schemes are practised, and different ways pursued, to reach this envied pinnacle. In the character of Rodolphus, I observed a daring intrepidity, apparently united with extreme avarice. I judged, therefore, his ambition was to acquire wealth and power, no matter how attained. I therefore,” said Lodovico, “ thought it my duty to warn count Anselmo of specious appearances—to ask his own heart whether he merited the eulogies

eulogies which were constantly lavished on him, if it would not stand that ordeal ; then he should beware, agreeable to the old maxim, that ‘ false friends are the most dangerous foes.’”

“ How unfortunate,” now interrupted Eleanor, “ he did not take that advice ! for I am sure Rodolphus cannot be his friend.”—“ I am afraid it will be proved so,” resumed Lodovico ; “ yet if this letter, which I shall send off this evening by express, does but arrive in Turin one hour before the trial of Anselmo commences, the evil, which we so justly dread, may be averted, and the count again restored to liberty and life ; but, as to happiness, that, since a late event, I think he must ever despair of.”

The monk then continued to inform Eleanor, that the communication she had written to him, from the castle of Oldenzo, he had lost in the chapel, and that Cecilia had discovered it : on perceiving, therefore, the hand-writing of her absent friend,
she

she made no scruple in perusing its contents; and there learnt, for the first time, the sufferings and imprisonment of count Anselmo. "The matin-service had concluded, and I had just returned to my cell," continued the monk, "when the most terrific screams to appal the imagination were heard to proceed from a distant part of the convent. In the utmost alarm, I hastened to the abbess, to inquire the cause; the superior, however, being in a lower apartment, and engaged in converse with one of the nuns, had not heard it; yet on my mentioning the circumstance, she said tremblingly to her attendant—'Where is Cecilia?'—'In the chapel,' said another; 'we left her there.'—'Alas! I fear then,' exclaimed the abbess, 'the intellects of our hapless sister are again disordered; pray seek for her, as my weak senses will not be able to endure the afflicting sight.' In an agony not easy to describe," continued Lodovico, "I then instantly ran to the

VOL. IV. c chapel,

chapel, and the first object I beheld was Cecilia, extended on the pavement near the altar, almost covered with blood; and in her hand was clinched the fatal cause of this dreadful shock to her feelings. The pathetic manner," continued the agitated Lodovico, "in which you dwelt on the sorrows of your benefactor, and the commiseration expressed for the supposed death of Almeria, whom you unfortunately styled countess of Anselmo, enraged her to madness. Scenes of woe have, in a great measure, become familiar to me; but such another sight, as I on that day witnessed, I would not endure for the wealth of worlds.

"At length, however," resumed Lodovico, to his weeping auditor, whose distress was the more unsupportable from the consciousness of having been, although innocently, the occasion of this dreadful event, "having somewhat recovered the first sensations of horror, with the help of attendants, I bore the bleeding, dis-
figured

figured form of the once beautiful Cecilia to her chamber; the ghastly wound from which the blood flowed so copiously was on the back part of the head; I was therefore convinced it had been effected by her fall, and not, as I had before imagined, self-inflicted. From my possessing a knowledge of surgery," said the monk, "I had hopes of her recovery; the wound was dressed, and by skilful expedients, the sanguinary effusion subsided; but for four-and-twenty hours she lay quite insensible. The abbess attended her with the most assiduous care, and for near a week scarcely left the chamber. On the seventh day, the delirium returned with increasing violence; she raved incessantly; and all our endeavours to calm these paroxysms were unavailing. With a commanding aspect, and a peculiar firmness of voice, (which now confirms me," said Lodovico, "from recent circumstances, that in those moments of derangement the mind was not

totally bereft of reason,) Cecilia exclaimed—‘ Do you know who I am?—perhaps not—then I’ll inform you, as it may induce you to afford me better treatment; I am the countess Anselmo! and any other, who shall dare to aspire to my honours, is an impostor; for, with a voice of thunder, I will proclaim my wrongs—the villany which has torn me from my husband!’ She then continued—‘ Anselmo is innocent; they shall not murder him, though legions of men and angels were, with one uplifted stroke, to deal the blow; for know, good people,’ she exclaimed, with more composure, ‘ that I am an Italian; and therefore will not suffer the annals of my country to be stained with so foul a blot!’

“ Oh Heavens!” now interrupted his trembling auditor, “ and is it from *my* letter alone that she has learned the misfortunes of the count Anselmo?”—“ I grieve to say it was; for you may recollect,” said the monk, “ on your entrance
into

into the convent, the particular request you received from the abbess, never to mention, on pain of her severe displeasure, the name of your benefactor; this restriction was likewise extended to the rest of the sisterhood, who, I believe, religiously adhered to it. Yet do not weep, my child," continued Lodovico, on observing her so affected; "faults unintentionally committed are not censurable; if they were, I likewise stand convicted, and am accountable for all the misery which must surely attend on the hapless Cecilia.—Distressing, most lamentable event!" now exclaimed the monk, "for in defiance of all considerations of the future peace and welfare of count Anselmo, the holy vows she took to dedicate her remaining life to the service of her God, and to be in amity with her fellow-creatures, Cecilia has discarded from her remembrance, and has broken through all rule, decorum, or the least appearance of female gentleness, (so truly prized by a

virtuous woman,) to act a part which must bring with it everlasting condemnation! —My brain maddens at the idea!” continued the agonized Lodovico; “for I have now to acquaint you that Cecilia has fled from this holy sanctuary, this peaceful retirement, to set the world on fire. By every account that I can hear,” said the exasperated monk, “she has flown into Savoy, to Turin, the residence of Anselmo, and her brother, signior Rodolphus.”

“Merciful powers!” exclaimed Eleanor, in extreme agony, “and where is the *present* wife of Anselmo, his beloved Almeria? is *she* not likewise there?”

“No,” replied Lodovico, “thank Heaven, I have prevented that. Almeria, that noble, highly-gifted woman, is still at Valleroy: on my honour she implicitly reposed, and I have not deceived her. To elude the indignities prepared for her by an unjustly incensed nation—dragged, perhaps, to a loathsome prison for a supposed crime, the bare mention of which would

would have annihilated her existence—I proposed a sleeping draught, which would have that effect for a certain number of hours. The cause of this singular proposition was, I then explained to her; from having been apprized of the clamour raised against Anselmo, which might equally doom her, for a while, (until justice again assumed her right) to endure the same sufferings; and then concluded with representing it to be the decisive command of the count her husband: she instantly obeyed; and thus, by the imagined death of Almeria, have I saved her from destruction. But yet,” continued the monk, “such is the fate of man, that ‘we are all born to trouble;’ I fear, even with that good, it has its attendant evil; for during the confusion which reigned at Valleroy, on the depositing the supposed remains of Almeria in the cemetery beneath the temple, through forgetfulness on my part,” continued Lodovico, “the door which leads into the domains

of Valleroy, I have since found, was left unfastened; by that way, then, must the wretched nun have escaped—”

Eleanor now interrupted him in the narrative, by saying—“It is most probable; for I well remember Cecilia’s mentioning to me a subterraneous passage that led from this building to the castle, and her determination to attempt its discovery.”

“That she has undoubtedly effected then,” said Lodovico, “through the negligence of the servants who relieved the abbess in her humane attendance during the nun’s illness; for on that very night, the women being overcome by sleep, Cecilia was lost to us.”

The monk then continued to acquaint her, that emissaries had been sent off in all directions to arrest the flight of the bewildered wanderer; but that excepting one man, who had received orders to extend his search as far as Turin, the remainder had returned all alike unsuccessful.

Lodovico

Lodovico having now come to a conclusion of the history of the unfortunate nun, was so weary and indisposed, from the exertion of renewing a subject so near to his heart, and painful to his feelings, that the most important communication which the confessor had to relate to his fair auditor, respecting herself, was obliged to be deferred until another opportunity.

CHAP. III.

The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

SHAKESPEARE.

.....

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here !
Joy has her tears, and transport has her death ;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes,
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys ;
'Tis all our present state can safely bear—
Health to the frame, and vigour to the mind,
And to the modest eye, chastis'd delight ;
Like the fair summer evening, mild and sweet :
'Tis man's full cup—his paradise below.

YOUNG.

ON the succeeding morning, Lodovico
visited Valleroy, to pay his respects to
Almeria, who, by the monk's advice, to
elude

elude suspicion or inquiry, had retired with her attendant to a remote and hitherto uninhabited part of the castle.

There appeared on the countenance of Lodovico a faint ray of joy as he entered the apartment of the recluse, which was welcomed as the harbinger of pleasing tidings; nor were they deceived in this idea, humanity being a distinguished trait in the character of Lodovico; and to those under the pressure of misfortunes had he always endeavoured to cheer by some presentiment of returning happiness, that would result from undeserved affliction. He therefore cautiously abstained any intimation of the late discovery respecting the history of the hapless nun of Santa Maria; the communication he had to relate was one of true joy and best comfort to the bosom of an affectionate parent. Lodovico announced to Almeria, that her son was no longer a prisoner to the enemy, having been exchanged (although twice taken by the

c 6 French,)

French,) for an officer of superior rank ; and that he was then, by command of the Piedmontese government, on his way to the capital, to be invested with the honours and title of his lamented father, general de Montauban : and then concluded by saying, that from the penitent behaviour, and, he believed, real contrition of Albert, for his former unjust conduct, Lodovico had at length admitted him into his presence, given him assurances of his mother's safety, and accorded to the youth his sincere forgiveness.

Tears of pleasure stole down the pallid countenance of Almeria, whilst she expressed her thanks to the monk, emphatically exclaiming—"To Heaven and you, my friend, am I alone indebted even for existence ! in my imagination, the veil of iniquity is now gradually removing, the period fast approaching, when the wrongs of the innocent will be redressed, and Almeria once again be happy !"

Lodovico

Lodovico partook of the joy he had created, yet more urgently repeated than ever the necessity for some time longer concealment of the fair recluse.

“Believe me,” said Almeria, “I will most cheerfully submit to every privation that may lead to the restoration of my friend’s welfare.”

“Incomparable woman!” now exclaimed the confessor, “were all your sex like you, the golden age would be again returned to earth, and every mortal enjoy the fruits of it; so certain is it, that pre-eminent female goodness must, in time, allure the most obstinate of mankind to follow in the same path of virtue.”

On the return of Lodovico to the monastery, he learnt, that during his absence, a stranger had arrived at Santa Maria, and there left to the care of the abbess a sealed packet, directed to count Anselmo of Valleroy.

The superior, in her description as to the bearer of it, said he was the epitome
of

of every thing which was wretched, and that his ghastly look and forbidding appearance had instantaneously struck her with the dread of having encountered an assassin. The few words he had uttered were a mixture of French and bad Italian, and those spoken, seemingly, with great fear, whilst he expressed his disappointment at not meeting with the count at Valleroy, who, he was apprized by the servant, had long since departed for Savoy; but that any letters directed for him were to be left at this convent—"After this explanation," said the abbess, "I wished the stranger to wait until your return; but that offer was instantly rejected; yet he hesitated to leave it—then walked a few steps—again returned—and at length, whilst regarding me with a fixed and imploring look, said, in a very low tone of voice—'I crave your charity; a morsel of bread and a little water, for I am almost famished!'—I lost no time in the supplying his wants," continued the abbess; "he
appeared

appeared grateful for it ; and on having enclosed the provisions in a kind of wallet, which hung at his side, said—‘ God bless you, holy mother ! may you always be thus enabled to relieve the distresses of the poor !’ and then departed.”

“ Is there not a likelihood of discovering the abode of this mysterious stranger ? ” — “ Yes,” replied the abbess, to this question of Lodovico’s, “ I should think there is a probability of learning that ; for the porter says he saw him not a quarter of an hour since, seated, a very short distance from hence, by some chesnut trees, inspecting the contents of his wallet ; but I must first inquire,” she continued, “ if you have seen the man whom I sent after you to Valleroy ? ” — Lodovico replying in the negative, the abbess said—“ I am sorry for it, because he has in charge the letter you delivered to Pietro, for count Anselmo at Tarin : he has been suddenly taken ill, and could
not

not proceed any further than Sienna ; it is therefore returned to you."

"Untoward event!" exclaimed the confessor. Not a moment was then lost by him in seeking for the messenger. He again retraced his steps towards Valleroy, and, in the way thither, by the description given, Lodovico supposed he had encountered the person who had been at Santa Maria ; the first object, however, was to regain the letter ; which succeeding, having just after met with the peasant who had it in charge, Lodovico, on again passing the mendicant, (for such he might be truly called, from his pitiable appearance) now inquired if he had not been the bearer of a packet that morning to the adjacent convent ? the man, hesitatingly, replied in the affirmative.—" You appear distressed, my friend ?"—" I do not *appear* it, I am so," retorted the stranger, offended at the inquisitiveness of the question.—The confessor acknowledged the receipt

receipt of the letter, which, he said, should be carefully forwarded; and then, with much courtesy, invited the man to return to the monastery, for the purpose of rewarding him for his trouble.—“I thank you for the first,” he replied; “but as to the latter, such sort of professions I have often received before, and as often been disappointed; I therefore shall not trust again.”

Lodovico, however, did not give up the point—“Come, come, my friend,” he said, “we are at cross purposes, I believe you to be a well-wisher to the count, the same as myself; who ordered you, then, to bring the packet?”—“Have you a right to ask the question? tell me that, and I’ll answer you.”

To such a rude expression the monk would not deign to reply; therefore recommenced his way to Santa Maria. But on arriving at the gates of the convent, he was not a little surprised to observe that the stranger had closely followed him.

Lodovico

Lodovico stopped, to permit the man to approach, supposing it from a wish to apologize for his late behaviour.—“ My motive for now accosting you, holy father,” he said, in a more softened tone of voice, “ is to know where I may find count Anselmo?” and continued, “ I have many enemies; nor was I sure you might not be one of them, until now that I am convinced you really belong to this place.”

Lodovico easily forgave the uncouthness of the stranger's speech, from the hope that some good might result from it. The former offer was repeated, and gladly assented to. The man followed the monk into the convent; and after having partook, with much eagerness, the fare which Lodovico ordered to be provided, said, “ If you will tell me the abode of the count, I can be of service to him. I dare not tell you who or what I am; but thus much I have to say, that the benefit I shall render him, he may return to me; for,

for, in truth, I am very poor and wretched."

There was such an ambiguity about this man, that Lodovico thought, instead of rendering service to this distinguished personage, he might, perhaps, be a most dangerous opponent; yet as it was necessary to expedite the delivery of the letters to Anselmo, and as fear sometimes prevents the good which may be attainable by a boldness of enterprise, he revolved in his mind the expedient of sending this man, in company with the bearer of them, to Turin. At length, after having maturely deliberated on the subject, the confessor offered to employ the stranger, if he supposed himself sufficiently endued with strength and courage to undertake so perilous a journey. The man having ascertained his expences were to be defrayed, accepted the proposal.

Lodovico then immediately sent for a neighbouring peasant, in whom he had
great

great confidence, to accompany the stranger; and on imparting to him the mission with which he would be entrusted, most peremptorily ordered, that on no account whatever was the stranger to obtain possession of the letters directed to count Anselmo. The peasant having completely satisfied the monk on that point, two excellent mules were instantly prepared, to convey these men into Savoy. The winter had now commenced with uncommon severity; and therefore to defend the travellers from the dangerous effects of this piercing atmosphere, the mountains of snow and ice over which they must necessarily pass, Lodovico provided each with a coat of great thickness, which totally enveloped them. The stranger, in particular, expressed his thanks for this covering; and continued, in a kind of half whisper—"thus disguised, I shall surely escape detection;"—then speaking aloud to his intended companion, said—"If any ruf-

fians

fians should assault me, don't you offer to rescue, but press onward, and leave me to my fate." They then departed.

On the succeeding morning, Lodovico had a long and interesting conference with Eleanor; to whom, with extreme reluctance, he was obliged to impart the commands of her supposed father, the count Anselmo, and to read over that part of his letter in which he strictly enjoined the necessity of Eleanor's embracing the *veil*. Lodovico perceiving, from the pallid looks of the poor girl, and the trembling which pervaded her frame, the terror she felt at such an intimation, said, whilst tenderly taking her hand—
“Be not so alarmed, my child, at this resolution of your benefactor; he is apprized of your unfortunate prepossession in favour of the son of his beloved Almeria; to avoid the horrors attendant on such an union, supposing, as he does, your near consanguinity to the object of your affection, is alone, therefore,
the

the motive of such a rigorous decree.”
—The shock which at first her feelings sustained, on hearing this intelligence, chased entirely from remembrance the history of her birth, recorded with such apparent guileless simplicity by Oldenzo.
—“ Yet,” continued the humane confessor, “ if any doubts remain on your mind as to the truth of Anselmo’s statement, however convinced he is at present of your being the daughter of the unfortunate Cecilia, by which appellation,” said the monk, “ from being long accustomed, I must still call her, I will be the first to acquaint the count of his error, and assuredly the last to persuade you to a mode of life repugnant to your feelings.”

“ Wait but a moment,” said the agitated Eleanor, “ and I will bring you the most ample proofs that my noble benefactor is indeed deceived.” She then instantly repaired to her chamber for the valued relics of a lost parent’s love, the tender assurances of paternal affection,

at

at a moment when his own life, if the place of his retreat had been discovered, would have been the forfeit—the fated letter, written by the exile to his friend at Venice.

“Here!” exclaimed the anguished Eleanor, on her rejoining the confessor, and presenting him with the melancholy evidence to which she had alluded, “read the contents of *this* letter, holy father. No exalted lineage can I claim—of no noble parents am I descended; my life has been embalmed, and, I hope, preserved, for the dear delightful pleasure of imparting a ray of comfort to the declining years of a poor and wandering exile! Yes,” continued the weeping girl, “I will seek my father; although supposing me dead, yet will nature usurp her empire; and the foundling Eleanor, the object of a noble stranger’s bounty, be once again enfolded in a parent’s arms, and enriched with the proud inheritance of a father’s love!”

The

The monk listened not to these rapturous exclamations of his companion—these too-oft delusivedreams of expectant happiness, so often indulged by early youth: his whole attention was engrossed in endeavouring to discover the hand which had written the signature, ROMANO. Twice did he peruse the letter—was not satisfied—a third time, and it spoke conviction, from a variety of past events now rushing to recollection, that its enditer was but too well known to him; a mist clouded his eyes—tears of compunction almost erased the name; but it had previously written itself on his mind, to be remembered for ever. The paper fell from his trembling hand, whilst, with stifled anguish, he exclaimed—“ Oh, my brother !”

The scene which followed was truly affecting—surprise on the part of Eleanor at such a declaration, and sorrow with Lodovico for former indiscretions, repented of, but not forgiven. These
contrariety

contrariety of emotions, with some slight difference, alike agitated both.

On his regaining, however, some composure, to learn the cause and development of so strange an occurrence, Eleanor circumstantially related the event she had met with at the robber's cave, yet carefully concealing the name and person of him who had informed her of it; only saying—"That the robber being touched with remorse at his past conduct, restored the papers, of which she was now in possession."

The astonishment of Lodovico could scarcely be exceeded, when, on now examining the contents of the other paper, he found it to be a document of that very estate, respecting which occurred the fatal misunderstanding that had at length separated him from his brother, now more than twenty years since. Lodovico then read aloud the following lines, which were inserted at

the commencement of the deed, and directed to himself:—

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,

“ Suffer not any longer the inconsiderate desire of gain, in comparison with the weight of moral obligation, to divide two hearts, bound by nature’s law to assist and help each other. I now present to you the contested claim, which has unfortunately occasioned the contention between us. Of its legality I may have been mistaken; but never, I hope, in that great principle of duty, which our lamented father inculcated into our youthful breasts—‘ Forgiveness of injuries, and fraternal love.’

“ HYPPOLITUS ROMANO.”

Although deeply affected by the style of this communication, with the subject of

of it Lodovico was already acquainted, saying that he had received such an intimation from his brother, (who was the eldest,) through the medium of his solicitor; but which, on hearing of his being exiled from his country, he had refused to accept. The monk then continued to express his surprise at the acknowledged affinity of Eleanor to their family, not having been apprized that it consisted of more than one son, whom he had learnt was an officer in the French service, and a daughter, named Constantia, at present residing in a convent at Frankfort, the widow of the late baron de Holstein.

“Heavens!” now interrupted Eleanor, “the very lady Lauretta informed me had been so benevolent to her parents; yet I understood she was *sister* to the baron?”—“It was so reported,” replied the monk, “their marriage not having been made public, to prevent the loss of an immense estate, left to him by a relation,

tion, which had obliged De Holstein to a state of celibacy."

It would be difficult to describe the joy of the confessor, as he now exclaimed—"No earthly tie, my dear child, can increase the love, the esteem, I have ever borne to you, for the inestimable qualities of mind with which you are so amply endowed! No, it is impossible! The only proud satisfaction I shall feel, if this recent discovery proves authentic, is, that I have somewhat atoned to Hyppolitus for my youthful errors, from having been so many years preceptor to his unknown daughter: To effect a reconciliation with my brother," he continued, "is now my only wish; Heaven knows I have often endeavoured to learn the place of his retreat, to have that wish accomplished, but as often been disappointed." Most anxiously, therefore, did Eleanor now look forward to the period in which she might expect a letter to arrive from Oldenzo,

denzo, to satisfy the doubts yet entertained by the confessor respecting her history, and likewise to remove all her own fears, and relieve herself from the terrors (should the account prove true) in obeying the commands of Anselmo.

 CHAP. IV.

Strong affliction gives the feeble force :
 Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
 In all the raging impotence of woe. POPE'S HOMER.

.....

Oh, how thou hast with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance ! shew men dutiful ?
 Who so didst thou : or seem they grave and learned ?
 Why so didst thou : come they of noble family ?
 Why so didst thou : seem they religious ?
 Who so didst thou : or are they spare in diet,
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purged judgments trusting neither ?
 Such, and so finely boulded didst thou seem.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN tedious expectation, and in alternate
 hopes and distracting fears of the future,

now

now moved on the heavy hours to the lovely Eleanor, unmarked, for a considerable time, by any incident worthy of record. But not so was it with her noble patron; *his* fortunes had nearly attained their crisis. We return, therefore, to count Anselmo, on the night preceding that eventful morrow, which was to pass on him the irrevocable sentence of condemnation or acquittal.

From the effects of long confinement, pent-up air, and corroding grief for the loss of valued friends, who, "poisoned by the breath of envious rumour," had now, he thought, almost to a man deserted him, Anselmo was but the shadow of his former self—a woeful change—quite fallen, subdued by fatal, unreasonable despondency; for where was fled the mind which once so brightly shone, and was so beneficially exerted for his country's good—that could impart, with such excellent softness, comfort to the weary wretch, and bounteous relief to the dis-

tressed one? Alas! if the descent from eminence, and the applauses lost of a vain inglorious world, are so painful to the heart of man, and destructive to his peace, better it were to stifle in its birth emulation's glowing passion, and dare only to be poor, if so you may be happy. Thus reasoned the distinguished few, I may say, philosophers, who alone observed and lamented that so great a mind as was formerly displayed should now want the nourishment it so copiously rendered to others—returned back on itself, to support the sinking soul, the vital spark almost extinguished in their once-celebrated warrior and statesman, count Anselmo. The real effect, however, which had produced this melancholy alteration, was far beyond their power to illustrate; it lay concealed in the inmost recesses of his heart, and, like a consuming fire, deprived it of all mortal energy—

“Quicquid amor jussit, non est contemnere tutum.”

The

The above sentence of the Roman poet was too truly verified in the unfortunáte subject of our memoirs. Anselmo was a slave to the very passion which in early youth he had so vehemently exclaimed against. His love for Almeria was unbounded—in that point only was he vulnerable ; there reason bore no sway, her dictates were unheeded ; and thus influenced by that ruling power, the fear, the dread of his being deprived of this celestial arbitress of his existence, annihilated every noble patriotic feeling with which he had been so conspicuously adorned. The prophetic voice of conscience, that inward monitor of the soul, produced conviction, the most invincible to the mind of Anselmo, that let the event of this awful trial be adverse or prosperous, misery would be his only portion, for—"Almeria would be lost to him for ever !"—Counsel, therefore, in the present state of his mind, however mildly given, or exerted

for his good, must be inefficient and un-availing.

Luzzara, who was in constant attendance, observed, with deep-felt pain, the ravages which this mental malady had effected in the constitution of his noble prisoner; in his haggard countenance, despair seemed to have fixed her everlasting seat. The misery of Anselmo insensibly communicated itself to the compassionate breast of this young officer, who, on having been tutored in the rigid school of adversity, commiserated, and was peculiarly sensible to the misfortunes of his fellow-creatures; vain was now, therefore, his every endeavour to assume an appearance of cheerfulness; a presentiment of some evil that would happen, of dreadful import, was too truly to be imagined, from the lowering gloom which hung over his spirits. As the period approached for the removal of count Anselmo to the senate-house, the depression

greatly

greatly increased ; tremulous were his accents, and at times, from the excess of emotion almost unintelligible.

Anselmo faintly expressed surprise at the non-arrival of any letters from Tuscany ; which Luzzara accounted for, by saying the late severity of the weather had rendered the roads of this mountainous region nearly impassable. A long pause then ensued, the count being engaged in reading Plato's Immortality of the Soul. The evening being far spent, there was not sufficient light to continue this abstruse yet consolatory subject of its profound author ; Anselmo laid down the book, and rang for lights ; in the interim, he again spoke to the officer—"Is Albert de Montauban arrived in Turin?"—"He is, my lord," said Luzzara, "and with him his uncle, St. Orvillé ; they were desirous of paying their respects to you," he continued, "but they have been advised to wave that ceremony, as it might be prejudicial to your interest."

“Are you acquainted with Montauban?” then inquired Anselmo; to which he was replied—“Most intimately; we have fought in the same ranks together, and have often divided the palm of hard-earned glory: he is a brave youth,” continued Luzzara, “and his merits are deservedly appreciated by his royal highness; for it is through the strong recommendation of prince Eugene that he is to be restored to the now dormant title of his ancestors.”

“Poor boy!” sighed Anselmo; “I am pleased to hear of his worldly honours—for as to his love, he is as unfortunate as I am in mine!”—in allusion to the supposition of Eleanor having, by this time, embraced the veil.

This desultory kind of conversation was now interrupted by the servants’ entrance with lights, and with them Gondolphé, the other officer, to relate the intelligence just arrived in Turin of the destruction of Rodolphus’s castle by an incendiary;
likewise

likewise the circumstance of his wife and Eleanor having been attacked by a banditti, on their journey to Arezzo; that they had escaped from the robbers' cave, but that the former, from the ill-treatment she had received, was not long expected to survive. This information recalled the count from his mental stupor—he hastily inquired, “Where is my Eleanor? Are you sure she is safe?” Gondolphé replied, that signior Rodolphus's servant, who had brought the news, affirmed that he had seen the young lady, in perfect health, at the cottage of Zilio; and that she was then on her way (accompanied by an old peasant,) to the convent of Santa Maria. Anselmo being then satisfied respecting the safety of his supposed daughter, the officer continued to inform him, that in consequence of this distressing intelligence, which had greatly affected Rodolphus, the trial was to be deferred for some days longer, he being a principal witness in favour of the prosecution,

prosecution. The count instantly started up from his seat, and exclaimed with violence—" *Rodolphus my accuser!* the man whom I have raised to wealth and honours almost unprecedented—is *he* to strike the death-blow to Anselmo, count of Valeroy?"

"I have understood so, my lord: Concini, our eldest senator, was my informant."

"Base villain!" now ejaculated Anselmo, almost bereft of reason; and continued with fury—"A second hydra is let loose, to suck out the life-blood of my soul! unparalleled treachery! was it for *this* I have so long supported the plebeian wretch, and saved his almost ruined family from the horrors of want and misery? Assassin! thus to stab me in the dark, with such inventive cruelty—where no hope of aid is near—no means of proving my innocence of the dreadful crime laid to my charge, at the bare mention of which every pulse of me curdles with horror!"—"My noble lord!" interrupted
ed

ed Luzzara, "I beseech you calm these violent emotions of the mind; they are truly pernicious in their effects, and are now most certainly useless and unavailing." In an agony of despair the count then threw himself on a couch, bitterly exclaiming—"Oh! too sure these dreadful paroxysms will end me! My brain cannot long endure such complicated sufferings!"

"Pardon me, my lord," said Gondolphé, "if I have spoken the truth too boldly, unpleasant often to hear, yet always serviceable to him who will listen to it. Rodolphus terms his present conduct—'a sacrifice of private interest for the public good!' In imitation of the Roman Brutus, he walks about the streets of Turin, exclaiming to the gaping multitude—'This I have done for my country!' To justify his now undisguised resentment towards you, my lord," said the officer, "he has glossed it up with an old grievance, the story of an only sister, who,

who, he says, died through your unexampled cruelty—‘She fell,’ says he, ‘as the poor lamb does under the knife of the butcher—meek, generous, and unsuspecting, in her last moments breathing only ardent love and compassion towards the destroyer of her peace, who, soon wearied of his conquest, had flung her like a loathsome weed away.’”

For the first time, then, Anselmo heard, that the secret which he had so long retained in his breast was now divulged; and to the mystery of that proceeding, (his private marriage with Eleonora,) all his past and present sufferings were to be attributed. The officer continued his information by saying—“That Rodolphus urges, therefore, this breach of friendship as a sufficient motive for his resentment—” —“Yet,” interrupted Luzzara, “by his recent conduct, he proves himself to be no more worthy than the aggressor; for how comes it that this man, who can boast so loudly of Roman virtue, did not endeavour

deavour to imitate their example, by openly avowing his wrongs at the time of commitment, instead of instilling, by silent, slow degrees, the poison which was at length to annihilate the devoted victim?"—"Aware of those arguments being agitated, and the unfavourable light in which such long concealed revenge might appear," replied Gondolphé, "he has taken pains to impress on the public mind the horror he even now feels, at publishing so lamentable a disgrace on the name of a Rodolphus; and that nothing but the love of justice, so imbued in his nature, could have actuated the determination of proclaiming to the world, (from learning this second delinquency respecting the count Anselmo,) that the idol they were cherishing as the acmé of perfection was at heart a hypocrite!"

Anselmo deigned not to answer the insolent bluntness of this man, this tale-bearer and vendor of the public news; the proud prerogative of his birth-right had,

had, until now, ever defended him from the society of such contemptible characters: his opinion of Gondolphé was soon formed, that like too many others, constantly employed to serve their own purpose, he closely viewed and reflected who were likely to be the favourites of fortune, and those alone was he inclined to respect, and pay homage to—"Real wisdom, however, in that," mentally ejaculated the count, as he again took up the book, and began to re-peruse his favourite author, permitting the officers to continue their conversation, uninterrupted even by a single remark.

At the proposal of Luzzara, who was fearful of disturbing Anselmo in his study, they retired to a distant part of the chamber, and spoke the following in so low a tone of voice as not to be overheard by their noble prisoner: "Rodolphus promises to make important disclosures on the day of trial."

"Personally?" inquired Luzzara, to
this

this intimation of his companion.—“ It was, I understand,” said Gondolphé, “ his wish to have remitted them in writing, but the government would not admit of such evidence ; Rodolphus will therefore be obligated to appear in person ; yet,” he continued, “ if one may judge by appearances, I do not think our prisoner will live to see that eventful day ; and perhaps it is better (at least such is the opinion of his relatives,) that it should be so ; for to be publicly arraigned and condemned for the crime of murder, will throw an everlasting stigma on the name of an Anselmo.”

“ That is your opinion ; now hear mine,” said the generous Luzzara, his eyes brightened up with the sublime fire of philanthropy and enthusiasm in the cause in which he was interested : “ My prayer to the righteous God of heaven has been, and shall be, that he may live ! yes,” continued Luzzara, with peculiar firmness, on perceiving the incredulity
of

of his companion, “ that Anselmo may live ‘ till he has made his enemies his footstool,’ crushed them to the earth, that not an atom may remain to blast with unfruitfulness the bounteous soil of an omniscient Creator !” and exclaimed—
“ By mercy alone was fallen man saved from the vortex of destruction ; and it is by that divine attribute and beneficent example we are taught to extend it in like manner to others : for if a momentary, perhaps, transgression from the path of duty is to be thus visited by never-dying vengeance, with not a hope of forgiveness, then ‘ was the Saviour of the world born in vain.’ My life I would freely sacrifice, as a pledge for the noble Anselmo’s innocence ! I revere him with all the faculties of my soul,” continued the undaunted youth ; “ I only fear it is an honour too great for so insignificant a being as Cornelius Luzzara to aspire to ; for most surely from such an act would my memory ever be embalmed, by the tears and
love

love of a grateful country.”—“A romantic idea that, brother soldier,” said Gondolphé; “the count will not find many of your way of thinking, depend on’t;” and then, on taking his leave, ironically concluded—“*Addio, signor Baldoria! non dica questo grazia, che vene pentirete.*”

CHAP. V.

What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself. SHAKESPEARE.

GONDOLPHE, on his departure from the mansion of count Anselmo, instantly repaired to that of Rodolphus, where all was confusion and dismay, arising from the late intelligence of the destruction of the castle of Oldenzo, and the melancholy fate of its hostess, whose life was considered to be in imminent danger. On the officer announcing to Rodolphus that the trial was deferred for some days longer, on account of his indisposition, he replied,

plied, "At any other time than this, I could have borne the loss with patience; but that the news should arrive at the very moment when my mind is torn with anguish, by the extreme agitation I feel for the issue of the event you speak of, drives me to madness! yet," he continued with eagerness, "I suppose your prisoner fares no better?"

"He'll never hold up his head again, rest assured of that," said Gondolphé; "so you perceive, signior, that ill deeds never prosper—they are sure to be found out one time or other: all Turin is in an uproar, there are such ocular proofs of his villainy: for one Hermanus tells the people that he knows the men who were hired by the count to assassinate Montauban at Cagliari!"—"Aye, does he say so?" inquired Rodolphus; "I should like to see the bravo;" and continued, "justice *must* be attended to; and therefore, however I may inwardly lament the fate of Anselmo, yet indulgence, you know,

know, in such a cause as this, would be prejudicial to the interests of *humanity*.” —“Certainly, most noble, upright signior!” exclaimed his flattering auditor. “How much good company improves a man! *humanity* shall, henceforward, be my motto, as I hear so great an advocate for it. Oh no, signior,” he continued, “you could not suffer your tender feelings to an individual to obtain the mastership over your integrity; you would lose all the fame you have so justly acquired.” —“You think so?” —“I do; and advise you to act boldly, for there are many in favour of our prisoner.”

“My very worthy friend,” replied Rodolphus, “and who are they that are so lost to character to palliate such an enormity?” —“Why, there’s one called St.—” —“It cannot be!” he interrupted with vehemence; “there are no *saints* in such a d——d cause as this; but go on, name them all, that should I ever meet the villains, I may note them.” This sudden

sudden emotion of anger in Rodolphus was rather unseasonable before the wary Gondolphé, who scarcely ever failed to turn such intemperate behaviour to his own advantage. "My noble master," he then jeeringly exclaimed, "a list! why you would be wearied before I could mention only one-fourth of the ragamuffins, half-men I may say, some with one leg, and others with none—pensioned soldiers, who have fought under the command of Anselmo; then there are a number of old women, of no service whatever, who are always chattering about what they don't understand; they talk loudly enough, you may be sure, in his behalf; for as the count has had so great a predilection for the fair sex, he therefore cannot fail to remember past times, and now pleases himself by supporting these ancient sultanas—most of them widows who have lost their husbands in battle, for they have always a prior claim to his attention."—"I want breath to answer this

impudent fellow," murmured Rodolphus. — "Well," continued the relater, "I believe my account is tolerably accurate, except that I have forgotten to enumerate in my list a number of the younger branches of great families, who have more ready wit than money, and who, having been accustomed to partake of his good cheer, regret the loss of it—they, therefore, are vociferous in their eulogiums; now making up the sum total of Anselmo's friends, they are all a miserable crew, I assure you, signior."

To the inquiry of Rodolphus, if these young men had access to the count? the officer replied—"Not one, since the late restriction of the senate."—"My advice has been taken then!" mentally ejaculated Rodolphus; and then speaking aloud, said—"Is captain Luzzara yet in attendance?"—"Oh yes; the model, as I call him," he continued, "of Don Quixote, who intends going through the honours of being suspended by the neck instead
of

of his prisoner !” A sudden pang now shot through the breast of Rodolphus, which, although momentary, seemed to have cleaved his heart in twain. “ I think you are much altered of late, signior ; you look very ill ; this sad affair, no doubt, perplexes you—you will be glad when all is over.”—“ I shall indeed,” replied Rodolphus, with a deep sigh, to this question of the officer ; “ for I have not known what it is to enjoy an interval of rest these many years.”

“ Do not suffer your spirits to droop,” said Gondolphé, “ when the haven of content is so near : follow my example ; I never shrink at any thing—but want of money ; soldiering is a poor trade, signior ; all vapour—no substantials to be acquired in it ; obliged to live by our wits—glory is but an empty sound—it wont bring us a good dinner, which we so often stand in need of.”

“ My worthy friend,” replied Rodolphus, perceiving his drift, and thinking

it essential to his interest to purchase a favourable opinion of this loquacious fellow, "accept this trifle as a token of my regard for your inestimable qualities." A small purse of gold was then presented to Gondolphé, who received it with all due humility, and reiterated promises that he would be his most zealous advocate, and devoted friend, for ever and for ever: he then took his leave, well satisfied with the success which had now attended him, as it had often done before on similar occasions.

On the departure of the officer, Rodolphus instantly sent for Hermanus, with whom he wished to consult on the disastrous intelligence received from Tuscany.

"Before we commence that subject, however," said Rodolphus, on meeting with this man, "I am desirous of relating, for your interpretation, the following dream, which, although I am by no means superstitious, has appalled my imagination

tion with horror." Hermanus was all attention, and Rodolphus thus began:—" Methought last night I was in the eastern tower of Oldenzo, and as the neighbouring steeple struck the hour of twelve, the moon, which had before shone with uncommon splendour, at that instant became red as blood; the stars fell from their altitude; and the forked lightning, followed by tremendous thunder, rocked the battlements, and made the earth tremble beneath me; the rain fell in torrents, overwhelming the surrounding plains with all the agitation of a disturbed and multitudinous sea; the tower was rent in twain, and this once-massy structure, the admiration of several centuries for strength and beauty of sculpture, became reduced, in one moment, to the single space on which I rested! A female form," continued the pallid and trembling relater of this singular dream, whilst every nerve seemed unstrung at bringing the vision again to his recollection, "vested in robes of

white, then arose from the waters, accompanied by the dreadful *sphinx*! whose rocky bulk seemed ascending, by degrees, unto the heavens; at whose appearance, by the groans I heard issuing from beneath the ocean, forewarned me of a terrible death! The monster ‘grinn’d horribly a ghastly smile,’ and gnashing his teeth, advanced to devour me. I endeavoured,” continued Rodolphus, “to call out for help, but speech was denied me; the woman, by her uplifted hands and supplicating gestures, seemed to implore for mercy; the savage then uttered this oracle, as with the blow which he struck at his defenceless victim she again sunk into the deep—‘How shall he obtain mercy, on whose shield is engraven—*eternal discord on earth—annihilation of an hereafter?*’—the monster then roared out with fury—‘Rodolphus, tremble, for thy hour is come!’ an arrow that instant shot forth from Heaven buried itself in my heart; and from the excruciating pangs it gave me,

me, with all the horrors of perdition in my view, I awoke to have announced to me, that in one circumstance this troubled phantasy was verified—Oldenzo reduced to ashes !”

“ A brave man knows no fear !” now exclaimed Hermanus ; “ nor is it for me to tell you, signior, that such phantoms of the brain, illusive horrors in sleep, attend alike on all, according as the mind is agitated by mental or bodily indisposition ; that they are (and ought to be) justly derided by men of sense, residing only in the breasts of the foolish and the weak.”—“ Read this,” replied Rodolphus, giving into his hands another letter, which he had received just after the departure of the officer, a domestic having arrived only that morning with it from Tuscany, “ and then say if the prophecy is not, in part, veritable ; I desire of you to expound the remainder.” The communication was indited by the daughter of Rodolphus, (lately married to count Martini,) dated Arezzo, and was to the follow-

ing effect:—"That with the utmost grief she had to acquaint him of the untimely death of her beloved brother, who, from learning the melancholy accident which had attended her mother and Eleanor, on their journey to Arezzo, had instantly set off in pursuit of the robbers; and on learning that a suspicious character was observed to be taking his route towards the sea-coast, and in the direction of Grossetto, Ernestine repaired to that town, and there heard of the same person having set sail a few hours before, in a vessel bound for France, and that he had taken his passage in the supposed fictitious name of Oldenzo. The same night, therefore, in a very heavy sea, the undaunted youth embarked in an open boat, with the hope of reaching the vessel, and arresting the robber's progress. Just, however, as the craft came alongside the ship, and one of the rowers vociferated—
'That's he, signior! the man we suspect is now seated on the gunwale, and is
looking

looking towards you,' the boat swamped, and Ernestine Rodolphus, this unfortunate young man, having drifted beneath the vessel, perished! the two men to whom the boat belonged were, however, saved, through the exertions of the sailors of the ship, and had likewise their craft restored to them, to carry back to Grossetto the melancholy tidings." The letter then concluded with the intelligence of the dangerous illness of her mother, in consequence of the severe afflictions which had lately visited their family, and that she was not expected to survive. Hermanus having perused this account, gradually folded up the letter, and on returning it, Rodolphus exclaimed—"Now then, say if horrors do not multiply on me?"

"The unlucky planet which presided at your birth," said Hermanus, "certainly again hovers over you with destructive influence; nevertheless, be resolute; domestic woes must not find an entrance

into a breast, when honour, life, and every worldly advantage, is at stake ! you have impeached the count Anselmo—a man of all others, from his recent popularity, the most dangerous to attack, the duke of Savoy, his royal cousin the prince Eugene, and indeed I may say, the greater number of the court party, being secretly inclined to favour Anselmo ; otherwise the trial would not have been deferred for three months beyond its stated period. In the conduct, likewise, of Albert de Montauban,” he continued, “ there is a great mystery ; he is arrived in Turin, with his uncle St. Orvillé, and has declined the intended honour of the government, convinced, as they seem to be, of the unjust imprisonment of his late father—the bestowing on his remains a public funeral ; instead of which, at the youth’s particular request, the body is to be conveyed to the chateau of Montauban, at which place is to be erected a splendid mausoleum, to contain the sa-
cred

cred relic, and to perpetuate his memory." Hermanus inquired, "Where is your prisoner, signior?"—"Where he should be," replied Rodolphus, in an angry tone of voice; "in heaven, I hope."—"That is well," retorted the other; "then what have you to fear?"—Rodolphus answered—"Myself! I am languid; my strength, which, Atlas like, could once have borne the globe itself, now has scarcely sufficient power to raise a gossamer!"

"That proceeds from inaction," said Hermanus; "strength and spirits are only acquired by exerting them: you have long studied the minds of others—now then pay attention to yourself; leave off the sedentary employment of writing, signior; words will flow fast enough, when the occasion, and your whole vital interest depend on it. Anselmo, however, once dead, and I question not, grievous as may have been your wrongs, and his turpitude, but that you will repent of it; for it is a just remark, 'that we feel not

the value of a friend until we have lost him ;' I therefore repeat, that you will lament—"Never !" interrupted Rodolphus ; " revenge has so completely entwined itself around my soul, that it must be satisfied before I can taste repose. You say Anselmo was my friend ; I say he was my foe ; for did I not hear the public boast he made, on retiring from office, that but for him, his bounty, my circumstances were so deranged, that I should have been ruined past redemption ? Is this the way to bestow a boon, conferring a momentary gratification, and casting an everlasting stigma and distrust on the receiver, that the world may have notice to hate and avoid one, when, at the same time," he continued, " the real motives for such generosity, through shame of publicity, must lie concealed ? the barter—a sister's honour ! Nothing but his life can expiate my revenge, and then may eternal furies haunt him for the hellish deed !"

" You

“ You are now too warm, signior ; if you rant thus in the senate, the cause, however just, will be lost ; and the blow you design to strike rebound back again.”

“ Do not drive me mad—totally bereave me of every sense !” exclaimed Rodolphus ; “ I repeat that, on my part, the evidence is written, well known to all.” —“ So much the better,” replied Hermanus ; “ and now then, signior, I’ll take my leave, until the day after to-morrow, Friday, nine o’clock, which hour precisely I will be here, to attend on you to the senate-house.” —“ Thanks,” answered Rodolphus ; “ I’ll to bed, and sleep till the wished-for morn ; so fare you well.”

From the preceding conversation, it may not be amiss to observe one leading feature in the character of Rodolphus, that, in the general acceptation of the phrase, he admitted no confidants ; his mind, and real motives for action, were always closely concealed in his own breast ; Hermanus, therefore, knew no more than
what

what he had just related, as well as what he had done before—that the count Anselmo was guilty, and he, Rodolphus, the aggressed. So biassed in the favour of the latter, and having received from him many tokens of friendship, Hermanus was assuredly devoted to promote the interest of his patron. As to the expression which he uttered in inquiring after the prisoner of Oldenzo, and the reply, (on hearing the death of the *unknown*,) “That is well;” considering the account given of him by Rodolphus, “that he was an assassin, and his most bitter enemy,” was, therefore, in some degree justifiable. For in a known bad cause, Hermanus had sufficient sense not to be well aware

—— “Men that make

Envy and crooked malice nourishment,

Dare bite the best.”

CHAP. VI.

Neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth;
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge; while goodness thinks no ill,
Where no ill seems.

BEFORE the appointed hour agreed between them, Hermanus was at the house of Rodolphus. On the entrance of the latter, he said, in a cheerful tone of voice—"The day begins propitious; the sun's bright radiance ever animates and illumines my soul: but you are here be-

times,

times, methinks, Hermanus; the clock has has not yet struck eight." To his reply of, he thought his friend might have something else to communicate ere they departed to the senate, Rodolphus answered—"Nothing; I am well prepared, for on my evidence the truth of my statement in every respect depends;" and continued, "have you received any intelligence of Anselmo?"—"Yes," replied Hermanus; "he was removed last night from his mansion to the senate-house, there to await its judgment."—"Did you see him on his way thither?"—"I did," he answered, "and observed the principal assemblage of the crowd seemed inclined to pity; it was only, however, by their countenances one might judge of their sentiments, for a profound silence reigned amongst them. As the carriage proceeded through the streets of Turin, they repeatedly bowed to Anselmo; but from his wan and haggard form, he looked more like an inhabitant of
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the grave than one belonging to this world."

"Is it thus they behave to the man whom a very short period since was their execration?" inquired Rodolphus.—

"Even so; their former prejudice is now softened into pity," said Hermanus, "ascribing all to the force of love for the peerless creature, Almeria de Montauban, whose beauty, they say, shines fairer than the eastern star!"—"Oh, such poet-mongers," exclaimed Rodolphus, "it sickens me to hear of!" and after having perused some papers which lay on the table, continued—"the wished-for hour is come—it is nine by the clock; come, Hermanus, we must depart; it will be all over by noon, and then I shall instantly set out for Tuscany."

On their arrival at the senate, Rodolphus whispered to his friend, "How difficult it is to dress the looks with a specious show of grief, when the heart is dancing with joy! for the gods themselves gave honest

honest anger, just revenge, to assert and maintain the dignity of mankind."

In the hall, they found already assembled prince Eugene, Albert, now marquis of Montauban, St. Orvillé, and eight of the senators. Rodolphus met them with a firm step, erect attitude, and a countenance on which were portrayed the mingled emotions of horror and manly grief, for the occasion which had thus brought them together. The articles of impeachment being read, the principal senator thus addressed Rodolphus—"We understand, by your evidence, that you fully acquit the late general Montauban of having been in the least accessory to the publication of the libel for which he was imprisoned?"—"I do," he replied; "that it was written by count Anselmo, for the most insidious diabolical purpose of injuring the fame, and, in the end, of causing the death of that much-lamented character." An expression of disbelief as to the truth of this statement was now uttered

tered by St. Orvillé; but on his being instantly silenced by the council, the senator continued—"You have brought three men, as witnesses in favour of the prosecution, who will prove they were employed by an agent of Anselmo's to assassinate general Montauban in the castle of Oristagni?"—"They are at hand to swear it," answered Rodolphus. The bravoës were then called into their presence; and each of them swore they were tempted by a person in the service of the count to perform the deed, which they all declined; and to prevent publicity to the circumstance, they had each been presented by this agent with a handsome sum of money, conjunctly to bind them over to secrecy. On the question being put to them, in what manner they were to gain access to general Montauban? they replied, through the means of one of the officers belonging to the prison of Oristagni—Marsias Luzzara! They were now interrupted by signior Orvillé, who
apologizing

apologizing to the senators for thus again intruding himself on their notice, exclaimed—"The hand-writing of the libel, most venerable judges, was traced out, by several persons, to be that of a former inhabitant of Cagliari, named Luzzara!" Several voices now cried out—"Where is the man?" to which one of the witnesses answered—"He fled, immediately after the death of Montauban."—"You mistake, Zucco," said another; "Marsias Luzzara, you know, died of the fever."—"I stand corrected," replied his comrade; "yes, honourable gentlemen," he continued, "Luzzara is dead, sure enough."

"It was reported so to the government of Piedmont," exclaimed the eldest senator; and continued, by addressing St. Orvillé, "you judge then, signior, that this man we speak of was the author of those scandalous papers?"

"No, my lord," he replied; "the person I allude to had, for many years, been
a resident

a resident at Paris; on the receiving sufficient information to convince me that he was the author of the libel, I instantly repaired to that city, for the express purpose of having him taken into custody; but unfortunately, by some means or other, he learnt that intention; the villain, therefore, escaped detection. I doubt not, however," continued St. Orvillé, "that the Luzzara who these men assert was to favour them in executing the diabolical murder at Oristagni, was a relative to the infamous character of which I speak; although to me, and several other friends of the lamented general, he then, in the most unequivocal manner, denied any connexion with him whatever."

"If we are to believe the assertion of these men, hold it in the same degree of truth as entertained by signior Rodolphus," exclaimed a senator, "who has, with infinite trouble and pains, traced out the leading points of this mysterious transaction,

transaction, which ultimately occasioned, by unparalleled treachery and iniquity, the death of the lamented general de Montauban, then must we, ever following the strict course of justice, doom Anselmo to die! the past services which our noble prisoner has rendered to the country as a warrior and a statesman—the beneficial effects we have all experienced from his consummate wisdom and policy for the good of the commonwealth—and his boundless charity to the distressed, of whatever denomination, domestic or foreign, must, in the present instance, be erased from our memories, and divested of all partiality. The honour of our country, respect to the relatives of the deceased, all demand that the life of Anselmo should be sacrificed to the manes of the lamented Montauban! The law of equity,” he continued, “equally dooms to suffer the supposed participator of that horrid transaction; yet, from the acknowledged merits of the brave youth, who,

who, I observe, is now present in this august assembly, I hope, my noble lords, your clemency will extend so far as to soften this just law, respecting the countess Anselmo, to confinement for life in the neighbouring convent of Santa Clara."

With considerable agitation, trembling almost to dissolution, the son of the hapless, unfortunate Almeria, now arose, to address the senate in behalf of his mother. Where is there to be found a child who would not, in such a cause, lose his last drop of blood to save a parent? Albert began—"Most high and reverend lords, in pity hear me; and should I, in the course of my speech, by any thoughtless or inconsiderate word, offend this august assembly, pardon, oh! pardon any such slight deviations that may arise, and attend only to the importance of the subject--my mother!" he paused, with convulsive emotion surveyed his surrounding auditors, and then continued—

"You

“ You have, or have had, all of you, mothers, by whose pangs alone you were first nurtured into existence. Many, I doubt not, have experienced maternal love, from lisping infancy up to manhood, and prize it beyond all other earthly enjoyments; to those then,” ejaculated the trembling youth, whilst unconscious, involuntary tears stole from his eyes, and bedewed his manly countenance, “ I now address myself; for my mother I adore! she is my guardian angel on earth; and without her, life would be a dreary void, a forlorn, uninhabitable desert! In the same degree that I venerate my maternal parent, did she love my lamented father! Gratitude alone, my noble lords,” he continued, “ cemented her union with count Anselmo; convinced of his innocence, she reveres him with all the faculties of her soul. No one,” he continued, “ was more averse to her marriage than myself; it is certainly departing from that strict line of delicacy, which ought
to

to be inherent in the female character, for any woman to re-enter the connubial state ; and such my sentiments would assuredly have been the same with my mother, had her mind been sane, and her heart less susceptible of the claims of pity and avowed obligation. Such, however, being the case, I hold it as my bounden duty so far to plead, at the same time, for count Anselmo, that he may be permitted to appear before this honourable tribunal, to——” Montauban was now interrupted by a senator, who replied—“ This august assemblage offered the prisoner that indulgence ; it was peremptorily declined, count Anselmo exclaiming, ‘ That such a procedure would be an indignity, an avowed insult on his honour ; for that he, Anselmo, was born to command—not to obey.’ ”

“ Yes,” said another, “ and he continued with haughtiness, ‘ I expect not retribution from men, but from my God ! before the judgment-seat of Heaven alone

will I appeal—that will be an everlasting jury ! Death will be most welcome unto me, for of this life I am weary.” Montauban sighed heavily on hearing this obstinate determination of Anselmo, and exclaimed—“ Alas, my noble lords ! I fear then that all the misfortunes which have attended your prisoner arise from unconquerable pride ; too great a loftiness in his own opinions, and above concession—a failing which is ever productive of envy, and therefore has drawn on him all this weight of woe.”

A smile of assent now appeared on the countenance of Rodolphus, whilst in a low tone of voice he ejaculated—“ True to a proverb, pride is the source of all evil !”

Montauban again continued, by requesting that their judgment on Anselmo might be deferred, until they had more convincing proof of his guilt, by the discovery of the author of the libel, they having been sufficiently convinced
that

nions with the greatest cruelty. I never saw my barbarous persecutor but once, and that was in a short period after my imprisonment, to inform me, in the most contemptuous manner, of the death of my father, on his voyage with his adopted son, Cornelius, to the island of Sardinia, saying—‘ That he was glad the old fellow was dispatched, as dead men could tell no tales ! ’

The council now interrogated Luzzara, if his father was apprized of the general’s imprisonment, for being the supposed author of the work ? to which he replied —“ Not in the least ; he only knew that officers of justice were in pursuit of him for having written that publication ; but as to the unfortunate result, from my unwillingness to afflict my father, he was totally unconscious of it.”

“ By what means did you come into the possession of these papers now before us ? ” —“ Through the miraculous interposition of Providence,” said Luzzara,
to

to this question of the senate. "About two months since, an angel in human form visited me in my dread abode, and tenderly commiserated my situation; before, however, I had sufficient time to acquaint her with my hapless lot, the sufferings I endured, Finito, a desperado who acted the part of a jailer, on hearing the sound of voices, came instantly into the prison; the lady (whom I have since learnt was then a resident in the castle of Oldenzo, and whose name is Eleanor,) fortunately effected her escape; in her alarm she took away the light which Finito was accustomed to leave at the door of the prison until his return. I affected insanity, and likewise counterfeited all the agonies of a dying person; he therefore threw off my chains, and left me to my fate; but from being, as I suppose, disconcerted at not finding the lanthorn, and inclined to superstition, he neglected to fasten the door; when, a short time after his departure, by a sudden thought,

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that the general fell a victim to the fever which raged at that period, with unexampled fury, at Cagliari. A senator then exclaimed—"It is for the intent he will suffer, not the deed!"

Albert, with increased spirit and firmness, then resumed—"Where are the friends of count Anselmo? is there not one to be found in this distressing juncture who will plead in his behalf? are they all terror-struck, and meanly shrink, at this hour of trial, from standing forward in support of the man, who, but for *his* bounty, they might have been consigned to penury and every wretchedness? I repeat, is there not one person, even in this exalted seat of justice, whom I can challenge as having received the most signal marks of favour from the unfortunate subject who has occasioned the meeting of the present council? Let me look around," continued Montauban, with commanding dignity, "and endeavour to seek the wished-for being of my search:" he paused,

and then fixing his eyes on Rodolphus, again resumed—"Yes, it has not been in vain; for if my memory does not quite fail me, ever the most distinguished by the count's friendship is the *prosecutor* of the present action—signior Rodolphus; on *you* then, signior, I call; and entreat that the lamentable error of his youth, which has been long since atoned for by severe repentance, and the beneficence you have received at his hands, may now be extenuated, and indeed buried for ever in oblivion; that however justice may be your aim, and sole design in this action, yet that you will submit to the senate the necessity of longer consideration, ere the irrevocable sentence passes for the *execution of count Anselmo*! To forward that humane intention I now address myself," he continued, "to this united assemblage, to request they will order into their presence the officer who has the noble prisoner in charge, captain Cornelius Luzzara, whose late brother,

Marsias

Marsias Luzzara, presided at the castle of Oristagni: he is, no doubt, acquainted with many of the proceedings which took place at that lamented period, and therefore his evidence may be of service."

"We will send for him," said a senator; but on his ordering one of the attendants for that purpose, Rodolphus exclaimed—"It is false as hell! Marsias Luzzara never had a brother!"—"He himself told me so," retorted Montauban; "and on the word of a man of his acknowledged honour I place every reliance."

"I again say that he *lies!*" ejaculated Rodolphus, with fury; "and if he were here, I'd strike him to the ground for daring to utter so base, so notorious a falsehood!" These exclamations caused some degree of surprise and suspicion to the senators; one of them addressed Rodolphus, by saying—"You are warm, signior; the subject appears to irritate your feelings."

“ It does so, and with reason.” An explanation was instantly demanded as to the meaning of the latter sentence of Rodolphus? who replied—“ I will give it you then.” Passion, discarded by reason, like a vessel without a pilot, was now set afloat on a tempestuous ocean, to bear, alone and unbefriended, the buffetings of the storm, ever the sequel of such intemperate conduct: “ That stripling,” continued the enraged Rodolphus, “ who designates himself by the assumed appellation of Luzzara, at the sight of whom every nerve of me trembles with horror, is, to my everlasting shame while I announce it, the blasted fruit of the loves of Theodore Anselmo and the late Eleonora Rodolphus, my wretched sister !”

Powerless would it be to describe the effect of this communication on the minds and countenances of his surrounding auditors. In half-formed sentences, such as “ Luzzara the son of count Anselmo !—the order of nature so reversed !—how dreadful !

dreadful!—a father imprisoned by his own child!—surely Providence, the unerring hand of wisdom, slept, the moment when such an act was perpetrated!”—whilst others exclaimed with agony—“Never, oh! oh! never can we admit of such evidence as that!—it would turn us into stone to allow so great an injustice!”

Rodolphus perceiving the commiseration this discovery had alike effected on all, he thought it proper, in a more softened tone of voice, to announce to the senators, that the youth was perfectly unconscious of his relationship to count Anselmo, having been brought up by a departed friend of his in complete ignorance of his real birth and connexions; and that he, Rodolphus, already lamented the warmth with which he had spoken, for at the unfortunate impulse of that moment, he had betrayed a secret which it had been his determination ever to have kept inviolably concealed.

The president of the council, who was
F 4 himself

himself a father, and therefore knew, in the most sensible manner, how to feel for another, now said, on the conclusion of the latter communication of Rodolphus — “It certainly behoves us to be very careful of the manner such a disclosure is to be unfolded to count Anselmo; and more so to the youth who is so deservedly the object of our compassion. For his welfare,” continued the senator, “I judge it to be of the first consequence that he should, before another is appointed to the situation, be acquainted with his hapless history; yet that must be effected in the gentlest manner, for too sudden a discovery of such importance, and the circumstances which led to it, might occasion so great a shock to the feelings of the young man as to terminate his existence; or if not that, to excite him, at length, to the deplorable act of suicide! For perhaps,” continued the president, with convulsive emotion, “the same moment that you announce to him
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the important secret, the sword of justice may be pending over the head of Anselmo, and their first embrace prove the last for this world!"

An officer now entered the hall, and delivering a paper to the president, said, "The bearer of it was in waiting to receive their commands." On having perused it, he presented it to his nearest colleague, saying, "It is from the duke;" and then speaking to the officer, ordered that the remainder of the communications which the bearer had in charge was to be brought into the senate for inspection. During this process, a profound silence reigned in the assembly; the command of the president was promptly obeyed; the officer shortly returned with a sealed packet, which was instantly opened, and engaged the attention of the president for a considerable time, unaccompanied by a single remark. At length, however, he addressed the senate to the following effect:—"My lords, and reverend sig-

niors, it is with peculiar heartfelt gratification, that, from these communications now before me, I have to announce to you, by a most fortuitous occurrence, the discovery of the manuscript of the libel, and its author, which fully proves the innocence of the lamented Montauban, and the truth of his statement to the government of Piedmont—that on his journey from Rivoli to this place, he accidentally found the packet, which contained several copies of the work in question; and induced by a fatal curiosity to carry them home, to inspect their contents, to that single incident all the general's future misfortunes are to be attributed. The ways of Heaven," continued the president, "were certainly never more dark and intricate than in the mournful event of which I speak; it proves, with a truly melancholic reflection, 'that not always on the guilty head descends retributive vengeance;' peculiarly it is so, from the present instance of the unex-
amplified

amplified sufferings, and ultimate death, of so brave, so good a man, as the late general de Montauban; he is, no doubt, however, rewarded for all his miseries on earth, by an everlasting reign in the mansions of the blessed; and the only reparation, therefore, in our power, is to confer on his son, who lives to emulate his father's virtues, every honour that the government of Piedmont, the bounty of a liberal and grateful people, can bestow; to repair, in some slight degree, the heavy loss he has sustained in the untimely death of his gallant father."

A vociferous demand now proceeded from the council again, to learn the name and abode of the villain who composed the infamous libel.—"Marsias Luzzara!" reiterated the president.—"Where is he?" inquired several of the senators. Signior Rodolphus now rose from his seat, and with great trepidity, and evident marks of confusion painted on his countenance, replied—"The author of it is dead!"—

“No, no!” exclaimed others, “you allude to the officer of that name who died of the fever at Cagliari; we mean and desire to know concerning the man whom St. Orvillé traced out as a resident in Paris.”—“He is dead likewise,” repeated Rodolphus.

The utmost confusion was now manifested in the senate, whilst with one voice they cried out—“We don’t believe it; it is all a subterfuge, an artful contrivance, to elude insulted justice!” Others then vociferated—“Luzzara! send for captain Luzzara, the officer who has in charge the count Anselmo.”

During this tumult, the president, on observing he could no longer command attention for perusing the remainder of the communication, was entirely passive; but on hearing captain Luzzara unanimously called for, he then ordered one of the attendants to bring that officer immediately into their presence. The uproar instantly ceased, an awful silence reigned

reigned in the hall ; not a single word was spoken until the return of the attendant, who, followed by another, apparently a stranger, now entered the senate, when, on finding themselves disappointed in their expectation, they again called out for "Luzzara—we want captain Luzzara!" The attendant officer spoke softly to the person who had accompanied him, requesting him to address the judges ; and in following that advice, the stranger threw off his disguise, consisting of a large black cloak, which intirely enveloped him, and exclaimed—"Behold the man !"

A dreadful imprecation was uttered at this moment by some one of the assemblage, but to identify the speaker of it was impossible, through the confused noise, the displeasure manifested by the senators at the non-appearance of the person they sent for ; several of them demanding that both the officer and his companion should be immediately taken
into

into custody. The man now again addressed them, with increased spirit and resolution—" *I* am Luzzara! the only one who has an undoubted right to the name."

" Damned fiend !" exclaimed Rodolphus, in violent agitation. " You are grossly imposed on, my noble lords; this fellow is a counterfeit, an abominable rascal, who ought to have been dispatched to the gallows long ago."

" Dispatched I should have been," retorted his opponent, " but from the interposition of a guardian angel, who visited me in my doleful prison, and poured the balm of consolation into my heart."— This kind of altercation, however, was unallowable in so exalted a court of justice ; the senators informed the man, if he had any secret to disclose, or communication to relate of consequence, it must be alone addressed to them. Having now effected a hearing, the man commenced to unfold his history, particularly that
part

part of it which related to the subject in question—the prosecution of count Anselmo ; it occupied the attention of the senate for more than two hours, and the summary of the information was to the following effect :—

“ That about three-and-twenty years since, his father, Marsias Luzzara, being then a resident in Paris, obtained an introduction, with the present signior Rodolphus, who was likewise there, to present, for his inspection, a topographical survey of the island of Sardinia, the opinion of that gentleman, in literature, being highly estimated with those in the profession. The consequence of the introduction was the commencement of a friendship, which subsisted between them until the period of his father’s death, five years since, on his voyage to his birth-place, the island of Sardinia. In accounting for this mutual friendship, the man said it was to be attributed alone to one affecting circumstance, which took
place

place a short time after their acquaintance—an urgent request of signior Rodolphus for his father to adopt as his own, the infant (as he expressed it) of a sister, whom, by her imprudence, the dereliction from the path of virtue, had fatally consigned her to all the agonies of remorse, misery, and despair, and which terminated only with her life. The request was acceded to; the child was brought to Paris, christened by the name of Cornelius Luzzara, and was nurtured by his parents, with all possible solicitude and unremitted attention.

“Some years afterwards,” continued the man, (but whom in future we shall mention by the appellation of Luzzara,) “Rodolphus acquainted his family, enjoining at the same time profound secrecy, with the history of its real father, count Anselmo of Valleroy; at the same time uttering a dreadful oath, in vowing an everlasting revenge towards the seducer, who by that act had involved his
once

once respectable family in indelible disgrace : that Rodolphus then exclaimed—
‘ The life of Anselmo should long since have been the atonement for his baseness and unexampled treachery, did not paramount motives of local interest render it, at that period, unadvisable, and pregnant with certain danger;’ alluding to the great obligations which he was continually receiving from the count Anselmo; but concluded with saying, that not all the acknowledged favours, so beneficently conferred, could palliate the crime, or induce him to forgive it; that Anselmo styled him, Rodolphus, as his friend, but that there should arrive a time when he would find him his bitterest foe !”

On the senators now becoming clamorous to hear the conclusion of the narrative, as, from the sullen silence of Rodolphus, it testified sufficiently the accuracy of the statement, Luzzara, therefore, bowed to this command of the council, and finished as follows:—“ That the
limited

limited circumstances of his father unhappily obliged him to become an hireling; at the express desire of Rodolphus, who supplied him with the heads of the subject, he wrote the libel; it was published, and delivered into the hands of that gentleman. It is necessary to state," continued Luzzara, "that previous to that occurrence I had obtained a situation in the castle of Oristagni; and about that period I was cordially invited by signior Rodolphus to pass a few weeks with him in Tuscany. On my departure from his residence, he requested me to take in charge a small parcel, consisting of several copies of the work, which were to be left at the mansion of count Anselmo, at Turin. I observed to him that the parcel was not directed; to which Rodolphus replied—'It would be dangerous to affix his hand-writing to it, nor must his *friend* be apprized to whom he was indebted for the favour.' I hesitated to accept such a strange commission," said Luzzara, "from

“ from an innate fear of some evil that would appertain to it. Rodolphus, however, assuring me it was the particular request of count Anselmo to peruse the work, and as from my acquaintance with his steward, Rubinelli, it might easily be conveyed into the house, without the knowledge of any person whatever, I consented; when on my arrival about a league distant from Turin, I was beset by robbers: I contrived to escape from them, but unfortunately, in the scuffle which ensued between us, I lost the parcel, the result of which has proved so fatal to the lamented general de Montauban.— Being midnight, I was fearful of returning to the place of combat, and not supposing it likewise of any material consequence, I contented myself with writing to signior Rodolphus, to acquaint him of the accident, and pursued my journey to Leghorn, instead of Turin, to take my passage for Sardinia. The answer I received from Rodolphus,” he continued,

“ was

“ was truly alarming ; the letter stated, that I must observe the most guarded silence respecting the circumstance, or my father’s life would be the sacrifice ; at the same time acknowledging him alone as the author of it, and apprizing me of the hapless event which had since occurred through my negligence—the imprisonment of general de Montauban. This letter had but just come to hand,” said Luzzara, with extreme emotion, “ when I was doomed to behold the misery I had so unintentionally occasioned—the order from the Piedmontese government, to prepare apartments in the castle for a state prisoner ; scarcely announced, ere it was followed by the arrival at Oristagni of the unfortunate general de Montauban. The agonies I endured in taking charge of that innocent, most worthy character, are inexpressible. Suffice it to say,” continued the agitated Luzzara, “ that my evil genius still actuated me to keep the fatal secret, and even to deny any relationship.”

tionship to my real family. Too late was my discovery of the lamentable error of that proceeding; for on the departure of madame de Montauban for Turin, Rodolphus, the man," he exclaimed, "that now, by consummate fraud, apparently is securely seated in this exalted court of justice, by unexampled villany, treachery unparalleled—yes, I repeat it," said Luzara, on observing the violent agitation of Rodolphus at these exclamations, "that cold blooded villain, dreading the disclosure of his iniquity, attempted to have assassinated the hapless prisoner of Oristagni! his real revenge, however, being directed against the count Anselmo: the bravoës, on receiving an ample recompence from the agent of Rodolphus, were informed that it proceeded from the count; and under his name they obtained admittance into the castle, for the purpose of accomplishing the horrid deed!"

"I am driven to madness!" now ejaculated Rodolphus, with fury.—"The remainder

mainder of his story will cool you then," retorted Luzzara, contemptuously regarding him; and then turning to the senators, who appeared horror-struck, he continued—"Indeed, my noble lords, I speak the truth, and to which I call on my God, as an irrefragable, all-sufficient witness!"

"Go on—we believe you," they unanimously vociferated.

"The barbarous design failed," continued again Luzzara; "for at the very moment the assassins entered the apartment, to complete their sanguinary purpose, the lamented Montauban breathed his last sigh; in my arms he expired. With savage brutality the murderers tore me from his pallid corpse, and having gagged and bound me, through a subterraneous passage which led to the seashore, I was forced on board a small vessel belonging to their crew, and conveyed to the castle of Oldenzo, where, by order of Rodolphus, I was immediately thrown into a dungeon, and treated by his minions

an instantaneous impulse, I was induced to try it, and to my unspeakable joy, I found the barrier to my long-cherished hopes was removed; the door opened at my touch. I returned, however, into the prison, to gather up the scanty fare which the wretch had brought me, and to take from their concealment a small purse of rialtoes, that I had in possession on being first taken, and which the bravoës suffered me to retain; and I then effected my unexpected, unlooked-for deliverance. For more than two days, however," continued Luzzara, "I was in momentary fear of being retaken, not being able, through the intricacies of the castle, to make my escape from Oldenzo. In the day I lay concealed under some old hangings, and in the night again resumed my endeavours for that purpose: at length, having wandered about the deserted rooms for a considerable time, I heard the sound of a female voice in an adjoining apartment. The moon shone

very bright, and by her rays I observed, behind the scattered remains of a fallen painting, that one of the pannels of the wainscot was appropriated for a door; through its crevices," continued Luzzara, "I distinguished the wife of Rodolphus; she was seated at a table, reading aloud a manuscript, and appeared extremely interested in the performance; shortly afterwards she closed the papers, and on depositing them in a writing-desk, left the chamber. I then succeeded in removing the pannel, entered the room, and as it occurred to me the manuscript might be the fatal one written by my late father, I slightly inspected its contents, and found I was not deceived. Suspecting, therefore," continued Luzzara, "the treacherous conduct of Rodolphus towards count Anselmo, as yet existing, the impulse of the moment directed me to retain them; I concealed the papers beneath my coat, and through another door from which I had entered, gained an

an access into the inhabited part of the castle. On my descending into the great hall, I with much difficulty succeeded in unfastening one of the windows, through which I escaped into the court-yard; and after wandering about for some time, carefully eluding the observation of the centinels who were on guard, I scaled its mutilated walls, and descended into the forest in safety; from whence, my noble lords," said Luzzara, "after many perilous adventures, too tedious to enumerate, I arrived at the castle of Valleroy, for the purpose of presenting those papers to count Anselmo, and to unfold the iniquity of his supposed friend, signior Rodolphus. I there learned the hapless fate which had already attended its possessors; I sealed up those important documents, which I knew must, on being perused by the members of this honourable house, effectually release the noble prisoner from his unjust confinement, and I then proceeded (as directed by his servants)

to the convent of Santa Maria, where all letters directed to the count were to be delivered to the care of the confessor Lodovico : to that holy father I owe great obligations," said Luzzara ; " he relieved my wants, and employed me, in company with another person, to bring the packet, with other letters for count Anselmo, to this city. We arrived in Turin yesterday evening ; and on our repairing to the count's mansion, there learnt that the noble lord had been just conveyed to the senate-house. I lost no time in hastening hither, and obtaining an interview with my foster-brother, Cornelius.

" To him, most august senators," continued Luzzara, " I recounted my misfortunes, and the purport of the letters and manuscript I had in charge for count Anselmo. In following the advice of Cornelius, instead of presenting the important communication to that injured personage, I this morning repaired to the
palace,

palace, and laid them at the feet of the sovereign; and it is by the royal duke's express command that I have thus appeared before this reverend council, to state my wrongs, and to obtain justice. Before, however, I conclude my statement, I request your attention to a letter, likewise contained in that packet, in my late father's hand-writing, dated at the island of Asinara, wherein, amongst other particulars, he urgently entreats signior Rodolphus to make known to my foster-brother his real birth and relationship to count Anselmo; at the same time, praying that all the animosity of Rodolphus towards the count might be buried for ever in oblivion."

The astonishment and horror the evidence of Luzzara excited amongst the assembly was beyond all precedent. In the countenances of Albert de Montauban and St. Orvillé was observable the most poignant grief, yet mingled with an inexpressible look of the inward exultation they felt at such a disclosure,

which proved what they had so nobly asserted, that Anselmo was innocent—his character free from every blemish! Sorrow, however, preponderated, from the melancholy idea that a single person, only one individual, should have had the power, the talismanic influence, to plunge so many worthy characters in severe distress, and the deepest misery. From the scrutinizing looks of the senators towards the object of it, the miscreant Rodolphus, they seemed to say, "Observe the villain!" and with the celebrated English poet, might have exclaimed—

" Let me see his eyes,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him."

Faint, however, very faint, were all these traces of expression to that displayed in the countenance of Rodolphus, to delineate which, in its proper colours, all language fails. Suffice it to say, that every diabolical passion, under the names
of

of revenge, gloomy madness, and fixed despair, held their combined empire, the everlasting seat of wretchedness and eternal horrors! his livid and ghastly features, lowering brow, eyes bent to the ground, and arms clinched, drawn so close to the body, that, apparently, they appeared shrinking into nothingness, were the only signs manifested of his guilt; for speech seemed utterly to forsake him, even breath appeared suspended, becoming a living statue!

The eldest senator now read aloud the royal mandate sent to them, in the duke of Savoy's own hand-writing, purporting, "That if the members of that honourable house placed the evidence of Marsias Luzzara in the same degree deserving of attention as it appeared to their sovereign, then would they, the senators, admitting it as truth, without loss of time, adopt such means as in their wisdom they may think fit, to punish the offender, and set the guiltless free."

“ We do believe it; we are convinced of the truth of it ! ” unanimously reiterated the members. “ Should, however, the least doubt remain on your minds, ” again continued the senator, “ respecting its accuracy, which I think the silence of Rodolphus sufficiently testifies, here is a letter written in his own hand, directed to one Finito : ” it was then read and commented on as it merited ; and on their questioning Luzzara by what means he procured it ? (being the one in which was Rodolphus's order for his assassination,) he answered, by a former servant of Rodolphus, a woman of the name of Aldrude, whom Luzzara and the peasant had met on their journey to the capital ; she was travelling to Suza, and had recounted to them the whole transaction ; on being apprized by Luzzara that it was he who had been confined in the castle of Oldenzo, Aldrude evinced the greatest joy, and readily gave up the letter as a proof,

if

if any further were needed, of the villany of its inditer.

The personal attendance of count Anselmo was now unanimously requested by the senate, that he might be acquainted with the wonderful chain of events which had effected his liberation, and restored him to all his former honours. "My noble lords," exclaimed Luzzara, "the count is already apprized of it; that part of it, the disclosure respecting Cornelius, was made by me last night, and since, as I understand, by signior Rodolphus; the scene which followed that explanation was most affecting; the son fell prostrate at the feet of his new-found parent, and a considerable length of time intervened before we could restore Cornelius to animation, and a sense sufficient to acknowledge and return the honour which was bestowed on him—a father's blessing and embrace."

At this moment count Anselmo entered the senate; he was leaning on the

arm of captain Gondolphé, not being able to walk without support, from the weak and emaciated state he was reduced to, in consequence of his long confinement and mental sufferings. In profound reverence the senators bowed, as this distinguished personage approached them, which was returned by the count, with that dignified composure and deference, so conspicuously inherent in the noble family to which he was allied. On Anselmo being seated, the assemblage of these honourable members requested he would receive their heart-felt congratulations on his liberation from so unjust a bondage; at the same time, deeply lamenting that the attendant of a domestic feud should have involved an innocent and highly-respectable family (alluding to that of Montauban) in such severe misfortunes.

The count was absorbed in grief, whilst with faltering accents, and in a very low tone of voice, he ejaculated—"The fatal
secret;

secret is in part, I understand, revealed; as an act then of justice to the memory of a departed and much-injured female must be paramount to all local interest, I therefore now disclose the remainder; yet let me premise that discovery by saying, that filial obedience, fear of losing valuable friends, and some degree of pride, perhaps, were the motives for the protracted concealment of announcing to the world that the sister of the unfortunate Rodolphus, the lovely Eleonora—"here the count became so agitated, as scarcely to be able to continue the recital; after a short pause, however, he again exclaimed—"Eleonora (whose virtues and misfortunes will ever be embalmed in my memory, with tears of the deepest contrition) was the lawful wedded *wife* of Theodore Anselmo, of Valleroy."

A sudden pang shot through the heart of Rodolphus at this confession; yet did not a single exclamation escape his lips, to conceal the evident emotion of sorrow

he now laboured under. Rodolphus covered his face with his robe, whilst with convulsed grief Anselmo thus continued —“ Oh then, my noble signiors, as all the misfortunes which awaited the lamented Montauban originally were intended by the impetuous brother of Eleonora to fall on *me*, who he supposed the base destroyer of his sister's honour, on me then let still your resentment live, and by my sufferings, inculcate into the breasts of youth this moral, this never-failing truth, ‘ that the first step towards vice is to make a mystery of actions innocent in themselves ; and whoever is fond of disguise, will, sooner or later, have reason to conceal himself ;’ therefore,” exclaimed the count, with renewed spirit, “ the propriety of teaching them, and fixing in their minds this precept—
‘ Never to do or say any thing which they would not have all the world see and hear.’

“ I conjure you then, my noble signiors,” he continued, “ by the past services
vices

vices I have done for my country, and my present woes, that you will suffer me to plead for this unfortunate man; retaining only in your minds the primary object he had in view, I entreat the rest may be buried for ever in oblivion!" With a magnanimous generosity, almost unexampled in these days of degeneracy, the count, then exclaimed with fervour—"Save Rodolphus, or Anselmo dies!"

One of the attendant officers now hastily entered the senate, and speaking to the president of the council, said, with extreme eagerness and apparent alarm—"Most reverend signiõrs, I crave your attention; an unfortunate maniac, a female pilgrim, in a state of wretchedness not to be described, has just entered the outer court, and wildly demands admittance to your august presence. She announces herself to be the countess Anselmo; and in a most strange and incoherent manner ejaculates, 'I am sent from Heaven to proclaim peace on earth, and

to

to bear Anselmo to the mansions of bliss!"

A piercing scream from without, and a confused noise of voices in an adjoining chamber, now struck the senators with astonishment. They all rose in silence. How greatly was that surprise increased, when the next moment they saw several of the guards enter the hall, and rushing past them with indescribable velocity, the object of their commiseration, the distracted female, who, on throwing off her disguise, flew to count Anselmo, and sunk lifeless into his arms! "Merciful powers!" he exclaimed, whilst pressing her to his heart with unutterable anguish, "it is—it is my Eleonora!"

This was indeed a moment of trial. With lengthened sound the clock of an adjacent convent began to toll the hour of twelve. Rodolphus started from his seat, ejaculating with hurried accents—"My time is come—now then to rest for ever!" when almost at the same instant he

was

was observed to fall. Several of the senators hastened to his assistance, and on drawing near, they found, with horror, it was by a self-inflicted wound, still grasping in his hand the implement of destruction—a dagger, stained with blood! Whilst in their endeavours to raise the dying man, he just articulated—“ Oh Eleonora!—fatal wretch, thou hast been the cause of all!” and expired.

CHAP. VII.

"Oh Gratitude! dear offspring of the sky,
Sole source of angel's prayer, and praise, and love,
With thee dwells ev'ry virtue; warm'd by thee,
The human soul, bright effluence from the fount
Of good eternal, proves its high descent:
From Heav'n."

WHAT an awful, unlooked-for change!
the triumphs of years, the various passions
of pride, lawless ambition, envy, and cruel
revenge, thus laid low, and in one instant
become of less consequence than the most
abject reptile of the earth! Wretched, ill-
starred Rodolphus! you nurtured the scor-
pion envy in your breast, till, by slow, un-
perceived degrees, the poison infused itself
into

into each vital part, and consumed evrey spark of goodness in your soul—you became such a prey to her wicked machinations, that at length, to escape from her fangs, this sad variety of evil, with impious courage you have dared to rush unbidden into the presence of your offended Judge! The failings of nature, the errors of youth, were ever unpardoned by you; mercy you disclaimed, yet do we hope that it may now be extended towards you.

It is only on the sudden death of a sinner that our commiseration is demanded; that visitation falling on a good man, requires no such lamentations; his own worth is sufficient to exalt him to endless happiness, to supreme felicity.

From the sudden and dreadful event of the death of signior Rodolphus, the senate was thrown into extreme confusion. It was a sight most melancholy and appalling; every one present was filled with horror. The first and fatal cause of all this weight of woe, the hapless Eleonora,
still

still lay insensible in the arms of count Anselmo, whose every nerve was petrified with astonishment, at the strange and unfortunate occurrences which had taken place on the truly momentous *day of trial*.

Restoratives were copiously administered to the afflicted Eleonora, but at present without the least effect; immediately after the dreadful catastrophe of her brother's death, she was borne from the melancholy scene by Anselmo, into an adjoining chamber. Towards evening, the hapless nun (being still habited in the order of Santa Maria) began, however, to recover; and in a few hours afterwards was removed to the mansion of her husband. Alas, poor Almeria! too beauteous to live at peace in this world, what will thy feelings be on hearing the result of this *day of trial*? Did we not know thy upright mind, thy conscious innocence, and pious resignation under every dispensation of an inscrutable Providence,

Providence, sad forebodings would be entertained by us for thy future life.

It may be supposed that her son, the too-impetuous Montanban, would resent the injury done to her fame and character; but no, very different was Albert's conduct on the present occasion—it was truly praiseworthy. He sincerely pitied and mourned the wretched fate of Anselmo; and on his interview with the count, which took place shortly after the conclusion of the trial, expressed the same in the most forcible and affecting language; to soften and meliorate the grief of Anselmo, he anticipated for him many years of comfort that would attend from the late discoveries; spoke highly of the merits of the youth, whom we shall in future term by the appellation of Cornelius Anselmo, and likewise ejaculated a fervent hope for the recovery of his Eleonora, who, from now being the acknowledged wife of the count, the fatal religious vow which, in a moment of agony, she had consented to, became

became null and void, no law nor power on earth being able to set aside an union founded and approved of, as the first basis and bond of all religious and moral obligation.

Montauban perceiving the agitation of Anselmo, and desirous of shortening this affecting scene between them, although from motives of humanity he declined mentioning the name of Almeria, now said, that he purposed setting off for Tuscany on the succeeding morning; and concluded with this promise to the count, that on *their* arrival at the chateau de Montauban, (laying a particular stress on the word, to be understood that his mother was to accompany him thither,) he should do himself the honour of writing to Anselmo, to inform him of it; and with every wish for his happiness, then departed.

It being near midnight at the time of Anselmo's retiring with Eleonora from the senate-house, the eager curiosity of
the

the populace to behold these distinguished personages, and to congratulate the count on his liberation, had nearly subsided; they had retired to their respective homes, to repose themselves until the approaching morn, when having heard that Anselmo was to repair to the palace, to be presented to his sovereign, it was unanimously agreed between the citizens of Turin, to carry their chieftain in all the pomp and magnificence suitable to the great occasion.

The body of the deceased Rodolphus was privately buried the same evening, in the church of Corpus Domini; this intelligence was announced to the count shortly after his arrival home; it tended greatly to augment the sorrows of Anselmo, who, as contemplating Rodolphus's resemblance, although in fainter traces, from the difference of sex, in his lovely but unfortunate sister, he was deeply affected, his manly countenance was
bedewed

bedewed with tears—unfeigned grief. The domestic in waiting (and who was his old and faithful steward, Rubinelli,) now said, with faltering accents—“Honoured master, I am requested by captain Cornelius—” he paused, as if fearful of pronouncing his new-acquired name—“What of him?” inquired Anselmo, mournfully.

“My lord,” he then continued, “first let me say, that the poor young man, who by your orders returned here at noon, and instantly withdrew to his chamber, where he has remained ever since, must, I am sure, faint for succour, for he has not tasted a morsel of food all the blessed day—”

“Is it possible,” interrupted the count, “that you have been so neglectful of him? are you not apprized that Cornelius is—Oh God!” exclaimed Anselmo, “why does my speech falter, and my tongue tremble, at announcing *that* which ought

would be my greatest boast and pride to proclaim, that I have found him worthy of being called my beloved son !”

“ This young lord himself told me so,” said Rubinelli ; “ believe me, therefore, revered master, that even if I had been perishing for want of sustenance myself, as your son, he should have had it all, all, my honoured signior, in my power to bestow.” This unaffected expression of gratitude in the old servant, and attachment it evinced to serve the family of Anselmo, was consolatory and pleasing to the count, who now heard that Rubinelli’s entreaties for him to take refreshments had been incessant, but always unavailing ; the only request of the youth, and now delivered in affecting terms by Rubinelli, was, “ That Cornelius might be permitted to embrace and pay adoration to his afflicted mother !” Anselmo sighed heavily, and turning to the couch, on which was reposing the fragile and nearly-exhausted form of the once-lovely, beautiful

teous

teous Eleonora, said—"Of what avail will that be? this poor sufferer still remains insensible to every surrounding object; nor has she uttered a single sentence since I first received her to my arms; her placid look and vacant eye announce, I fear, that her mental faculties are fled for ever." Anselmo now gazed on her in silent sorrow, apparently unconscious and forgetful of every circumstance, except to contemplate on the subject of his present misery. It was a solemn, melancholy scene; only a single lamp was suspended from the vaulted roof of this spacious apartment; the canopied couch, hung with black velvet, and the majestic figure of the count, who was habited in deep mourning, seated close to it, and now supporting with his arm the languid head of the unfortunate fair one! It appeared to the agitated feelings of the old domestic as the chamber of death; and what greatly heightened that dread, and truly solemn idea, was,

was the employment which a female attendant was engaged in, of throwing incense about the apartment, usually adopted on such affecting occasions. Rubinelli having again, in timid accents, inquired of the count what reply he was to make to Cornelius? Anselmo answered, with a sigh—"Say to him, my good and faithful servant, that to-morrow his request shall be complied with—to-night it is impossible; my Eleonora must not be disturbed; profound quiet and surrounding gloom is the only remedy and hope I have left to restore her disordered imagination to a sense of reason." He then dismissed Rubinelli, and likewise the female servant; to the latter, however, humanely desiring that she would retire to rest for some hours, as the poor sufferer, by her now-closed eyes, and faint respiration, appeared to sleep, which was augured to be a favourable omen.

Thus left alone, and in the deep solitude of the night, Anselmo, with a re-

signed composure, meditated and revolved in his mind the various distressful events of the last twenty-four hours. The letter of the reverend father Lodovico, which the count received previous to the trial, was now again perused. In this communication was announced to him, for the first time, that the report of Eleonora's death was false; then recounted her hapless history, and recent flight from the convent. This intelligence, therefore, lessened the surprise and horror that Anselmo would otherwise have felt from her sudden appearance. The greatest mystery, yet unrevealed, was the manner the poor wanderer had performed so long and perilous a journey, at a time, too, when the usual inclemency of the winter season was in its greatest rigour. From the danger he knew that any person would have incurred by protecting a holy sister, conviction now darted on the mind of Anselmo that Eleonora must have travelled alone over the desert wilds, and

snow-

snow-clad Alps, and for support subsisted, perhaps, on charity !

“ Oh Heavens ! ” he exclaimed, “ wondrous proof of the force of love ! yet too surely does combined misery await on those who are so beguiled as to pay homage at thy mysterious altar ! ” Anselmo was interrupted from proceeding by the fancy that he heard a sigh breathed forth by the sleeping mourner ; he looked at her, and said softly — “ Eleonora, my love, what thus disturbs thee ? ” It was not answered ; he therefore exclaimed — “ I do not think, throughout this habitable globe, there is to be found a being so overwhelmed with sorrows as myself ! I am become a victim to the very passion I formerly disclaimed against, derided, and contemned ; it has proved my ruin ! domestic peace, I know not even its name ; it will, I believe, ever be a stranger to me. I have pursued the phantom with unremitting ardour, but what pleasure

has it afforded me? and," continued Anselmo, "I have loved almost to distraction; but its attendants have ever been jealousy, distrust, and continual uneasiness: what distress and disgrace too, from that fatal passion, have I brought on——" Almeria, he would have said, but the word died on his lips; to stifle its utterance, in an agony of grief he exclaimed—"Away, obtrusive thoughts—remembrances of bliss, just experienced, and then flown for ever from me! Away, I say, nor torment me any longer, for it is now a profanation, by the immutable decree of Heaven!"

A low murmuring, but unintelligible kind of utterance, proceeded from the hapless Eleonora, which again arrested the attention of Anselmo; she was awake, and seated upon the couch, with her hands folded across, in an easy, composed manner; her eyes were fixed on him with a mournful expression, and her lips still moved,

moved, but without articulation ; it was evident that she wished to speak, but could not. The morning had now begun to dawn, and many of the populace were already assembled about the mansion of the count, to have a view, and to congratulate this restored favourite on the triumph he had obtained over his enemy.

Two female servants returned to attend on the afflicted Eleonora, who, although unable to express her thoughts, yet appeared extremely uneasy at observing that Anselmo was preparing to leave the chamber ; she held out her hand to him, which he pressed to his lips, and having assured her of his intention of soon returning, affectionately embraced her, and departed. With mournful looks her eyes followed him to the door, and on its closing, the poor sufferer evinced, by her gestures, the greatest agitation on being thus deprived of him ; at length,

however, from the cause of these violent emotions, an extreme languor pervaded her frame—she laid her head on the pillow, and again sunk into insensibility.

CHAP. VIII.

A smile of transport brighten'd in her face;
Rejoic'd, in death she seem'd her joy to tell,
And bade, for heav'n, the empty world farewell."

HOOLE'S TASSO.

.....

Fairest of maids! calm is thy sleep in the cave of the rock. Thou hast fallen in darkness, like a star that shoots across the desert, when the traveller is alone, and mourns the transient beam.

OSSIAN.

At the hour of ten, count Anselmo, accompanied by Cornelius, and several attendants, left his mansion to proceed to the royal palace. It was with difficulty that their carriage could advance along the streets of this ancient capital, from

the eager curiosity and desire of the populace to pay homage to this distinguished chieftain, by whom was now manifested the most wild enthusiasm of joy, at his liberation from an unjust imprisonment. The banners which Anselmo and his ancestors had nobly won in battle were again unfurled, and exhibited by the soldiers, who had received orders from the duke to line the way to the palace, to prevent interruption. This mandate of the sovereign could not, however, discourage the grateful citizens of Turin from their design of following the count to his destination. The rich spoils of gold and silver taken in warfare, which had been presented by Anselmo to the duke of Savoy, were again brought to light, and from the effect of an all-cheering sun, displayed the most brilliant lustre. One in particular arrested admiration; it was a golden statue of Justice, placed at the entrance of the palace; she was crowned with laurel, and most gorgeously

ously adorned with precious stones, of the emerald, ruby, and amethyst; on her zone was painted a Latin inscription, expressive—"That although the good are, for a time, at the mercy of the bad, the hand that holds the scales of justice will not fail, at a fit season, to adjust the balance most righteously."

Not all the honours, however, now so profusely bestowed on count Anselmo by his sovereign, could repel the gloom which pressed on his spirits, or restore that health which, from severe mental anguish, he had lost. Combined were the causes for that deep dejection—unsuccessful love—the treachery of a supposed friend—the sufferings and ultimate death of an innocent man, general de Montauban—and unknowingly having brought a stigma on the character of his inestimable consort—the reflection of the misery he had occasioned to the lovely Eleonora, whose life, but for her ill-fated marriage with Anselmo, might have been,

above the common lot, fortunate and happy—These various and melancholy ideas it was that deprived his soul of rest. Alas, too sensitive mortal! thou examinest thyself with almost unprecedented rigour; a refined sensibility has proved the source of all thy unhappiness; thy failings are but those of nature—thy virtues bright and transcendent as the stars of heaven. Parent of thy country! noble, godlike Anselmo! soften then, we beseech thee, the pity thou excitest from thy declining health, it fills every breast with anguish; overcome domestic sorrow, and live for ever amidst thy grateful and affectionate countrymen; for with the Roman bard we may exclaim, that

“ Whene’er thy countenance divine
Th’ attendant people cheers,
The genial sun more radiant shines,
The day more glad appears.”

At the introduction of count Anselmo
and his now acknowledged Cornelius to
the

the duke of Savoy, and his royal cousin, prince Eugene, they were welcomed by these distinguished personages, and the whole court, with every demonstration of heartfelt joy. Shortly afterwards the guards were drawn up in front of the palace, and reviewed by the prince; as their officers passed count Anselmo, they each saluted him, and lowered their colours, as a mark of veneration for his former deeds of valour. This ceremony concluded, an elegant entertainment was given at the palace, of which the principal nobility were invited to partake. This, however, the count, from pleading indisposition, was excused accepting, and then departed.

On his arrival home, what a striking contrast to those splendid scenes presented itself! A consultation of the most eminent physicians in Turin had just been held, to pronounce their fiat respecting the suffering Eleonora. Anselmo was informed by them that no hopes remained

of her recovery; she was still speechless, and refused even the least nourishment. The count, with indescribable agony, followed by Cornelius, whose feelings were in unison with his afflicted father, now instantly repaired to her chamber. Eleonora raised herself on the couch, and at the first sound of Anselmo's voice calling on her name, with extreme grief she exclaimed—"Theodore! oh, gracious Heaven! now is Eleonora blest indeed!"

In vain would it be to describe the astonishment of every one present at her recovered speech, excited by the sudden, unexpected return of Anselmo, or to delineate, with sufficient feeling, the affecting scene which took place between the hapless pair. With trembling eagerness he folded her in his arms, breathed a prayer of gratitude for this momentary restoration of reason, and exclaimed, whilst pressing her to his heart with fervour—"Much-injured saint, divine Eleonora! oh, speak again—once more call me

me by name ; forgive my unworthiness ; and then who will be so happy as your Theodore !” Cornelius, affected almost to tears at this melancholy reconciliation of his parents, now drew nearer, to claim a mother’s blessing. Eleonora looked steadfastly at the youth, and bending forwards, said, in a wild and incoherent manner—“ Who are you ? in my dreams I have often seen your resemblance, but the moment I came near you, you always fled away !” continuing in hurried accents—“ Poor phantom ! it was not I that killed you ; for oh, believe me, you were very, very dear to Eleonora !” She then looked piteously at Anselmo, and exclaimed, in a more calm and collected manner—“ I converse very strangely, do I not, my love ? the young man, I hope, will pardon it ; pray go to him, Theodore, and say,” continued the afflicted Eleonora, in a whisper, “ that I had a son so like, that the whole world could not produce another to bear so striking a resemblance.”

semblance." Great was the agitation of Anselmo, and sorrow evinced by Cornelius, when, after a short pause, the bewildered mourner again exclaimed—"My son died; and they do say the tears I shed for him deluged his grave, and that an angel, in pity, has borne my boy into heaven!"

This remembrance of past sorrows, and mental exertion, produced a melancholy change in poor Eleonora; she sighed deeply, and laid her head on the supporting arm of Anselmo, apparently bereft of life. The attendants calmed his fears, by saying that "the countess had been often so affected during his absence, and in a short time recovered from it."

This relapse, however, was of longer duration than any preceding one; two physicians were again summoned to attend her; they gave no hopes. "Oh ye avenging gods!" now ejaculated the almost frantic Anselmo, "there is not a misery you could have heaped on my head,

head, so great as to behold the sufferings of this dying saint, who is expiring the hapless victim of unrequited love and fidelity towards the wretched Anselmo!"

A long silence then ensued; an extremely faint respiration, and repeated shiverings, alone announced that she still existed. Towards morning the difficulty of breathing increased; and whilst they were anxiously watching and observing with anguish the varied symptoms of approaching death, Eleonora again spoke, but in a very low tone of voice, to request they would remove the horrid form that stood near the window—"It is Rodolphus!" she said, and with her hands clasped together, exclaimed in terror—"Do not be angry with me—I shall soon follow thee!" The dying Eleonora then looked up at Anselmo, and in faltering accents, that were now almost inaudible, said—"Pray do not grieve so; I am very, very happy; my sight begins to fail me—it is now quite dark—so good-night,
my

my love—remember Eleonora !” Anselmo kissed her clay-cold lips, and with the sigh he breathed on them, the soul of Eleonora parted from its earthly tenement, and was wafted for ever to the blissful regions of eternity !

Thus terminated the short-lived and sorrowful career of the unfortunate sister of Rodolphus, acknowledged wife of count Anselmo, and mother of Cornelius. The afflicted son, with the aid of an attendant, now supported his almost insensible father from the melancholy scene to an adjoining chamber, where, for many weeks, he lay a prey to corroding grief, refusing all consolation. The death and history of the hapless Eleonora excited universal commiseration and pity ; her remains were deposited, with funereal honours, in the family vault of the Anselmos, at Turin.

The first alleviation of the sorrow of the mourner was the perusal of a second letter the count received from the confessor
of

of Santa Maria, condoling with him on the occasion, yet, in pious fervour, returning thanks to Heaven that Eleonora was at length relieved from all the cares, the miseries, of this mortal state. Death had long, very long, been sought for by the unfortunate nun, and therefore (he was sure) it had now come most welcome to her. The holy father then proceeded to acquaint Anselmo of the events which had taken place at Valleroy during his absence. The first was announcing the arrival there of the marquis de Montauban, and recent departure, with his mother, for his paternal seat in the vicinity of Venice. Lodovico then particularly dwelt in praises of Almeria, who, he said, expressed the most lively joy at the triumph Anselmo had obtained over his enemies; at the same time deeply lamenting that she should have occasioned a moment's pain, to a lady whose character, she had been informed, was inestimable, and whose love and fidelity to the object
of

of her admiration were so truly praiseworthy ; concluding, that the sentiments of gratitude Almeria first entertained for count Anselmo still remained unalterable, and her wishes for his future peace and prosperity would ever retain the first place in her thoughts, and to learn that, prove her principal happiness during the remainder of her life.

Lodovico then continued—“ And now, my lord, to impart to you the pleasing news I have likewise to communicate, respecting your lovely *protégée*, to share with me the joy such intelligence has effected to produce on the hitherto anguished mind of Lodovico, that the child of chance, the foundling Eleanor, is the youngest daughter of Hippolitus Romano! You have been already apprized, my lord, of the events which have driven this revered relation of mine to seek for refuge in a foreign clime, and the unfortunate history of the exile ; I shall, therefore, only relate the circumstances which
have

have proved, beyond a doubt, the truth of what I have recently been informed, and have now asserted, that Eleanor is indeed the offspring of my beloved but long-estranged brother!" Lodovico then proceeded, by recounting the life and misfortunes of the bandit captain, Oldenzo, and his subsequent adventures; from which it appeared, that after various difficulties, opposed to him in pursuing a journey through a hostile state, Oldenzo, at length, by a fortuitous occurrence, learnt the residence of the exile. At a small auberge near Toulon, (despairing of success as to the object of his mission,) and at which port he again intended to embark in a few days for his native country, he met with a gentleman, to whom, on inquiring if he had ever known or heard of a person called Romano? and likewise acquainting him with the reason for soliciting that information, the youth instantly replied that the exile was his own father, then a resident in Paris. Oldenzo
heard

heard this asseveration with extreme pleasure, and readily assented to the following proposal of the son of Romano, that as the business on which he came into Provence, relative to the selling of their estate in that country, was concluded, it would afford much satisfaction to their family if Oldenzo could accompany him on his return to Paris, to communicate in person the joyful intelligence, which would, he said, give new life, new vigour, to his aged father. During their journey, the young man informed Oldenzo that his mother had been dead several years, and that he had a sister (supposed until now the only one) enshrined in a convent at Frankfort, named Constantia, the widow of the late baron de Holstein. To the question whether the nurse of Eleanor had ever rejoined their family, and if she was still living? the young man answered in the affirmative, saying it was from her alone that his father learnt the melancholy intelligence which had taken place

place in the Apennines, and the supposed death of his infant daughter. The poor woman had contrived to travel on foot as far as the town of Alcino, at which place she procured a passage in a vessel bound to Marseilles; and on her arrival there, she immediately addressed a letter to her master, to apprize him of the fatal event, and her inability to proceed on her journey without his generous assistance. A supply of money for that purpose was duly remitted to her; and the young Romano concluded by saying that she had remained with them ever since.

On the travellers arriving in Paris, Romano intimated to his companion, that from his father's wish to support his family in credit, he had entered into the French army, and for many years assumed the name only of De Clairville; that from being enraged with the treatment he had received from his native country, the youth then acquainted Oldenzo that his father had borne an active part in the
present

present war with the Italian states, and from having too fearlessly exposed his person, he had been taken prisoner in Piedmont; but that from the fictitious appellation of De Clairville, and long residence in this country, being supposed a Frenchman, prince Eugene had suffered him to return to Paris, where he was now on his parole. Lodovico then concluded his letter, by saying that Oldenzo, on announcing his mission, was received by his brother with the most rapturous expressions of joy; and that, through the intercession of the French government with that of Piedmont, the son of Romano had obtained a passport to enter Italy, to solicit an interview with count Anselmo, for the purpose of expressing his father's grateful thanks, and profound gratitude, to this noble and humane protector of suffering innocence; and to request the permission of conveying the lovely Eleanor into France, to receive a parent's blessing. "My lord," said Lodovico,

dovico, " I must now acquaint you, that the bearer of this communication is the young man in question, the brother of your adopted daughter ; he has been at our convent of Santa Maria, and has seen his long-lost sister—they have embraced each other, and mingled tears of joy for so happy, yet unlooked-for a restoration. That done, the youth has now flown to lay himself at your feet, to entreat, with all due humility, the request I have likewise been solicited to urge, from a further inducement, as they imagine, to your lordship's acceding to it."

From the known beneficence of count Anselmo, it is almost unnecessary to say that the son of Romano was received by that distinguished personage with every mark of attention and unaffected politeness ; likewise, that a most cordial assent was obtained for the departure of Eleanor to the French dominions. The count, however, expressed a hope, from the affection he had ever borne to his
adopted

adopted daughter, that a time would arrive when he should again have the happiness of embracing the lovely girl, and welcoming both her and her family to Valleroy. Romano, deeply affected by the generosity of Anselmo, proposed to bring his sister first to Turin, that she might return her acknowledgments, and to take an affectionate leave of her noble patron. This offer was, however, declined, as it would only tend, he said, from a variety of past occurrences, to depress yet more the gloom which pervaded his spirits. Besides, the count informed him, that as his friends appeared extremely anxious for the recovery of his health, and supposing it alone to be acquired by change of air and scene, he proposed to set off, in a few days, with his son Cornelius, for the sea-coast, there to embark on a voyage to the island of Lipari. The succeeding morning, the young Romano again departed for Tuscany; and on his journey to the convent
of

of Santa Maria, to take charge of its beautiful noviciate, and to bear her, on the wings of love, to the arms of her aged parent—

“ Si vedria che ì lor nemici

Anno in seno, e si reduce

Nel parere a noi felici

Ogni lor felicità.”

The same day, a letter was received by Cornelius Anselmo, to whom it afforded the sincerest pleasure ; it was from Marsias Luzzara, who had left Turin immediately after the trial, and for whose services the count had settled on him a liberal allowance ; it acquainted Cornelius of his arrival at Cagliari, at which place he intended to reside, and continued thus—“ By a fortuitous occurrence, my dear brother, (for so I must still call you,) I have met with the captain to whom you intrusted the packet at Asinara ; he was a passenger in the same vessel that I proceeded in to this island, having had some

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business to transact at Leghorn, and then on his return to Sardinia. On learning my name was Luzzara, and that I was well known to you, he introduced himself, to offer an apology for so long delaying the papers he was intrusted with for St. Sebastian. Montebello was taken by an Algerine corsair, and carried to Barbary; the merchant to whom he was consigned proved to be his most intimate friend; an immediate release was the consequence, besides having his vessel restored to him, and well freighted for its return. The packet having been opened by the pirates, he retained it until his arrival at Cagliari, for the purpose of delivering it in person to Sebastian: that gentleman having, however, departed for England, Montebello then again sealed up the papers, and on perceiving the inside cover was directed to a signior Rodolphus, of the castle of Oldenzo, near Grossetto, they were accordingly forwarded to that place; by his account, they

they were the same letters and manuscript of my late father I so fortunately regained from thence, and since produced at the senate. The most pleasing and principal reason, however, for my now writing," said Luzzara, "is to acquaint you, that on our landing at Cagliari, I was cordially invited by captain Montebello to pass a few weeks with him at his residence, and on accepting the offer, it has certainly proved the happiest period of my life; he had acquainted me of his being lately married, and the wish he felt to introduce me to the fair object of his choice; oh, judge the surprise and joy I felt, when, on being presented to the wife of Montebello, I recognized our long-lost Isabel! A considerable time elapsed ere we could sufficiently recover our mutual surprise, to relate the wonderful effects of Providence, which had thus reunited us. Isabel at length informed me (as we have before heard) that both her mistress and herself were

taken by a banditti, who afterwards sold them to the Moors, by whom they were conveyed to Barbary; her benefactress lived but a few hours after their arrival; poor Isabel was then purchased by the friend of Montebello, in whose family she remained, in the occupation of a domestic, for more than five years. The merchant having highly extolled her beauty and amiable disposition, Montebello again became a captive by her charms; and previous to his departure from Barbary, married her, and then they set sail for this island. They are now settled in a rural spot, a short distance from Cagliari, apparently well satisfied with their lot, and happy.”

This intelligence, the hearing of Luzara and his sister's welfare, afforded much satisfaction to Cornelius; and had his mind been relieved from the anxiety he suffered in respect to the health of his father, and divested of all thoughts of the charming Horatia, for whom he still felt

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the tenderest affection, although believed to be for ever separated from her, one bright, unclouded ray of sunshine now appeared to attend on the fortunes of Cornelius.

Before the appointed time agreed on for leaving Turin, the count and his son were far on their journey to Genoa, where they proposed embarking for Lipari. Grievous as had been the misfortunes of Anselmo, and the events which had succeeded each other with such astonishing rapidity, yet the serenity of the country, its pastoral and variegated landscapes, now beginning with the return of spring to reveal their beauties, and with Elysian sweets throw their perfumes along the breeze, they insensibly communicated a calm of mind, and tended greatly to exhilarate the melancholy, the woe-worn heart of Anselmo.

CHAP. IX.

Neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun,
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ning with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

MILTON.

WHILST the count Anselmo and Cornelius are pursuing their journey to Genoa, and from thence continuing a favourable voyage to their eventual destination, for some months, at the island of Lipari, we shall relate the circumstances which, previous to that period, took place at the
convent

convent of Santa Maria, and the castle of Valleroy.

The instant that the termination of the momentous trial at Turin was known to the reverend father Lodovico, (a courier having arrived express for that purpose,) the confessor having no longer any fear of disclosing the abode of the recluse, he introduced his fair relative again at Valleroy, for her to take an affectionate leave of Almeria, premising it by saying—"For Heaven only knows, my child, whether you may ever meet again."

This apprehension of Lodovico's, so seriously expressed too, increased the melancholy of Eleanor to such a degree, that all the resolution she had endeavoured to acquire to appear cheerful now entirely forsook her. On their entrance into the castle, so gloomy, so deserted, and forlorn, did every thing appear, to what she had formerly remembered it; and on being led into the apartment where, like Hector's Andromache, was seated the mo-

ther of Montauban, in silent sorrow mourning her hapless fate, the lovely girl could no longer command her tears. Lodovico, ashamed at her weakness, this apparently selfish and even childish sorrow, intimated the displeasure he felt towards Eleanor for such indecorous behaviour, and then took his departure. The mild dignity of Almeria, and the assurances she gave to her young friend of her perfect resignation to the will of Providence, and the momentary expectation she had of seeing her beloved son at Valleroy, tended to allay the sorrow of her guest. The principal cause for these emotions Almeria easily defined, and therefore expatiated warmly, in the hope she entertained of the prompt arrival of Albert, from whom a letter had been recently received, to announce him on his way to Valleroy, and the pleasure she anticipated at some future time, of welcoming Eleanor at the chateau de Montauban.

“ Ah,

“ Ah, dear lady !” she timidly replied, “ I fear such happiness will never be realized, for immediately on my brother’s return from Turin, I depart with him for France, where, it is most probable, I shall be ever destined to remain.” Almeria thought otherwise, yet judged it most prudent not to encourage a hope that, on considering the uncertainty of all the events of life, might be disappointed. Several days now glided away, unmarked by any particular occurrence ; Eleanor was permitted to pass most of her time at Valleroy, returning only to the convent at evening vespers. One morning, a slight indisposition preventing the confessor accompanying her to the castle, Florisee was appointed to attend on Eleanor. The weather proving extremely fine, the young shepherdess persuaded her to take a circuitous path to Valleroy, which led through an extensive vineyard, and commanded delightful prospects of the surrounding country ; but on commencing their walk,

and as Florisee was expatiating in lively colours on its various beauties, her foot slipped, and she fell into a small river, that flowed with a rapid stream on this side of the mountain. Poor Florisee was however soon extricated from her perilous situation by a young shepherd, passing near the spot, who instantly plunged into the water, and gallantly bore the terrified girl safe to land. She was led by Eleanor and the stranger to her mother's cottage, which was contiguous; and as from the accident her further attendance was now impossible, Eleanor was obliged alone to continue her way to Valleroy.

Pensively as she again pursued her walk along the margin of the stream, its rippling current glittering with the sunbeams, and bounded by stately rows of the shady lime, elm, and sycamore, a train of thought, the most dangerous to her future peace of mind, insensibly intruded itself. Eleanor remembered that
along

along this very path she had once been accompanied by Albert de Montauban, and on these banks, which commanded a view of the monastery, at the period of their early loves, had he been accustomed on an evening to recline, and with his oaten reed, (upon which Albert was an accomplished performer,) to play those enchanting strains, which conspired so greatly to awaken in her soul respondent sentiments of affection, and to cherish them in her memory, as an emblem true of his eternal constancy. "Delusive idea!" sighed Eleanor, "aerial dreams of felicity! how could I ever expect you realized, when even the globe itself is always changing, in perpetual motion, to draw onwards to its final exit, to leave 'not a wreck behind!'"

These solitary musings at length gave way to admiration of the surrounding scenery; the distant mountains, in some parts magnificently grand by cataracts, which dashing down its sides, formed ex-

tensive rivers in the plains beneath ; in others, clothed with the thickest foliage, and most beautiful verdure ; whilst in less cultivated spots, numerous flocks of sheep were grazing on the mossy beds, and in innocent sport gambolling their little lives away. Eleanor now came to the track leading to the province of Piedmont ; she involuntarily stopped, and gave an anxious yet timid look towards Savoy ; again continued her walk, and again turned, with almost suspended breath, to listen for the sound of horses, which might possibly bear her beloved Albert. The warmth of the sun had caused an exhalation to arise from the valley, which rapidly increasing, at length obscured every distant object ; but yet she fancied that she could hear the noise of carriage-wheels coming onwards with great velocity. Eleanor was not deceived, for in another instant she clearly distinguished the carriage, preceded by two out-riders, and observed from their livery

livery that they belonged to the present marquis de Montauban.

Offended love now whispered to the gentle maid—"Haste, sister, haste away, or farewell to the prerogative of woman." Pride took the alarm; and swifter than the mountain deer from its wild pursuers, fled the sylph-like Eleanor, to endeavour to regain the castle before the arrival of Albert. With as much vehemence, then, as if it were to shelter herself from a host of enemies, did she now, on passing the drawbridge, sue for admittance into the domain of Valleroy; and on entering it, quick as thought darted into a narrow path that led round by the temple to the eastern side of the castle. Eleanor, supposing by these means she had escaped observation, and being almost breathless with fatigue, now seated herself on a rustic bench at the entrance of a hermitage, to compose her agitated spirits, principally arising from the delight she experienced at the return of her long-absent lover,

lover, and the hope she now entertained of a mutual reconciliation taking place ere she departed from Italy. In this agreeable retreat, which was shaded by branches of the circling elm, and entwined with jessamine, woodbine, and roses; whose mingled sweets perfumed the ambient air, a concert of aerial voices, from its winged inhabitants, were, in harmonic strains, paying adoration to the "loves of May." The tones of a flageolet were now heard in clear and shrill responses from an adjacent wilderness; it was the same air Eleanor recollected to have heard one evening chanted by the gondoliers, when at the castle of Oldenzo: on its changing from slow to lively measure, and the sounds drawing nearer, the invisible musician seemed, to be advancing towards the arbour. Eleanor arose from her seat, to resume her way to the castle, when, to her evident confusion and surprise, she saw Albert de Montauban, who, with studied grace, and peculiar tenderness of feeling,

feeling, now introduced himself to her by saying—"Dearest Eleanor, pardon this intrusion; do not fly from me, nor destroy the flattering idea my fond heart has so long indulged, of your being again restored to me, the past forgotten, the future an age of happiness; I exist only in your smiles—your frowns annihilate me."

So strong an appeal to her generosity failed not of its reward. Eleanor, with the look of credulity, now held out her hand to him, as a further token of forgiveness, and in trembling accents said—"May I believe you?"—"Ah, too-lovely Eleanor!" he exclaimed, "is it possible that you can doubt it? surely not, when you are apprized of the difficulties, the perils, the many watchful days and sleepless nights I have endured on your account, to learn the blest intelligence that you was safe and happy." On concluding this sentence, Montauban regarded her with a melancholy yet anxious inquiring expression,

expression, from the mischievous hope that he might discern, by her looks, that during his absence she had not been quite so contented and happy as he had supposed her to be. With great truth Eleanor could have replied in the negative; but prudence withheld the confession. The triumph he had already obtained being deemed fully sufficient to set at ease the heart of a lover, she therefore instantly changed the subject of discourse, by inquiring, with much solicitude, if he had seen his mother?

“Indeed I have not, and you are alone the cause of it.”—“I?”—“True, on my word,” again continued Albert; “for on observing the anxiety with which you endeavoured to elude my notice, that I was still languishing under your displeasure, I alighted from the carriage, and followed you to this retreat, and by playing the same air I supposed you to have heard when at Oldenzo, my design succeeded; it arrested your attention,
and

and has fortunately paved the way for my being again received into favour."

To the soft entreaty of Eleanor, to be apprized if it was really her lover who had so mysteriously visited that place of her abode, and the motive for it? Montauban, on answering to the previous question, then said he would satisfactorily explain the latter as they continued their way to the castle—"But first," ejaculated the youth, pointing to the temple, "relieve my doubts, Eleanor, as to that unfortunate letter you was perusing there with so much delight, the circumstance which caused those serious differences that have arisen between us?" This was readily assented to, and to the perfect satisfaction of Albert, she having acquainted him that it was a communication received from her revered preceptor, Lodovico, to apologize for the alarm he had unintentionally occasioned her at the cavern; acknowledging that it was his accustomed retreat for meditation, and that he

he was at that time so deeply engaged in study, as to be unconscious of the presence of his fair visitors, until afterwards informed of it by Francisco himself: that amongst other intelligence he recounted the intrepidity of Montauban, in endeavouring to force an entrance into the temple; (the count Anselmo having given positive orders to allow no person to enter that sanctuary except himself, it having a subterraneous passage which led a nearer way to the convent of Santa Maria;) Lodovico said he had, in the hope of intimidating Albert, written a severe injunction for him to desist from his bold undertaking. Montauban smiled at this information, and at the recollection of the result of that enterprise. "Say no more, dear Eleanor," he exclaimed, "I am well assured of your fidelity; and all the follies, all the indiscretions, which love has been the cause of, be assured, my future conduct shall amply atone for."

During this reconciliation between Albert

bert and Eleanor, nearly a similar scene took place at the portico of the castle. Lauretta having perceived a carriage, with several attendants, coming with great swiftness up the avenue, instantly descended to the hall, and opening the door, ran out with great speed to welcome the visitors. The first person she recognized was Montauban's servant, Lupino; she flew to embrace him, vociferating in extreme joy—"Good-bye to the haunted castle; I never will set my foot in it again, that I am determined on;" and continued, "my dear, charming, sweet flower of the valley, Lupino, oh, where have you left your master?"—"Where he should be, begging pardon at the feet of signora Eleanor, in yonder wilderness, which appears nearly as confused as himself," answered Lupino: "but I say, Lauretta," he again continued, with a significant smile, "do you think you should like me for a husband?"—"None better," she replied; "and to use the lady Eleanor's
own

own words, when she talks of my lord Albert, I beg leave to say that I adore you.”—“Then there’s an end of the matter,” said Lupino; “we will be married to-morrow; but as it is a long time to look forward, and for fear we should forget it, Laretta,” he continued, taking a rialto from his pocket, “let us divide this bit of silver between us, to keep it in remembrance.”—“With all my heart,” replied Laretta; but whilst they were thus assiduously employed, Albert and Eleanor entered the portico; when immediately Lupino disappeared, and Laretta, not a little mortified at this interruption of their love-scene, was now obliged to attend on Eleanor and her young lord to the apartment of her mistress.

Almeria having been studiously engaged in reading, knew not of the arrival of Montauban until he now appeared before her: this first interview between them, since the late distressful events, was truly affecting. The mother shed tears on the
bosom.

bosom of her son, that beloved son for whom she now alone wished to live, every other happiness having been long sacrificed at the shrine of his departed father. Eleanor was a silent, but not an uninterested spectator of this melancholy scene; she felt too acutely to be allowed the power of words. Montauban, from the anxious wish to impart consolation, and to cheer the drooping soul of his mother, attended not to the elapse of time, nor to the very limited duration of his stay at Valleroy, having previously determined to remain no longer than sufficient for her to prepare for the journey; it now, however, pressed on his remembrance, and with it the tormenting reflection of being again torn from his Eleanor, perhaps never to see her more.

With a sudden burst of anguish, Albert exclaimed aloud—"I cannot support her absence—life will be a torment; better is it to die at once, than to linger thus in continual misery!"

From

From the request of his mother, who wished to have a private conference with Montauban, they withdrew to another apartment; she then, with much ingenuousness, related to him every particular of Eleanor's history, with the addition, that her brother was daily expected at the convent of Santa Maria, for the purpose of conveying her into France, and to her family. On Albert's being apprized of the father of Eleanor assuming the name of De Clairville, and that he was the same officer with whom he had the unfortunate rencounter at the conclusion of the memorable battle near Turin, he became a prey to distracting grief. The most soothing eloquence of Almeria, to calm these violent emotions, were all alike unavailing, till she pledged her solemn word that she had obtained the intercession of Lodovico, at some future period, with count Anselmo, to entreat his consent to their union, which was of the first consequence, as the father of
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of his *protégée*; from the avowed sense of obligation he owed to that distinguished personage, it must silence every objection (even should that be the case) contrary to the wishes of her benefactor.

This assurance allayed, but did not entirely subdue the anguish of Albert; his fears represented to him that if he suffered Eleanor to depart from Italy, instead of months, as expressed by his mother, years might intervene before he should have the happiness of again beholding her. "There is no other alternative than what I have mentioned, rest assured," said Almeria; and continued with some displeasure, arising from Albert's objections, "since the late events, every sense of honour demands that I should leave Valleroy; if you, sir, however, prefer your love to your duty, stay; I will depart alone."

Montauban instantly assented to every proposition, and then returned with his mother to take a sorrowful leave of Elea-

nor,

nor, she having just before sent a message by Lauretta, to apprise her friends that an attendant was in waiting to conduct her to the convent. This attendant was, to their mutual surprise, no other than the confessor Lodovico, who, desirous of bidding adieu to Almeria, had, although extremely indisposed, walked to the castle for that purpose, and to accompany his lovely relative on her return to the monastery. Albert's behaviour to the holy father being in the highest degree respectful, it was duly appreciated by Lodovico, with the promise of his friendship in forwarding, as much as in his power, the object on which rested the future happiness of Montauban. Yet sorrowful was the parting of the lovers; in pity to their sufferings, the confessor hastened to conclude this melancholy separation, by saying if Eleanor delayed any longer, the increasing darkness of the night would prevent their finding the way to the convent; she then affectionately

tionately embraced her friends, sighed an adieu, and, accompanied by Lodovico, departed.

At the dawn of morning, the castle of Valleroy was bereft of its humane inhabitant; to the domestics of count Anselmo, who had been uniformly courteous and attentive to her, Almeria presented various gifts, as a testimony of her gratitude; they followed her to the carriage with weeping eyes and supplicating gestures, entreating for her speedy return. This amiable woman felt the anguish she excited, but had no power to relieve it. Montauban and his mother, attended by Lauretta and Lupino, then departed; and as the carriage wound up the majestic Apennines, and the deepening shades of clustering trees began to obscure that noble domain, the travellers gave many a lingering look towards those fertile plains they had quitted; and on its being entirely concealed from their sight, Al-

meria, with an emotion of sorrow, exclaimed—"Farewell, a long farewell, to Valleroy!"

CHAP. X.

Let us not aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods submit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.
So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom flows. ADDISON.

HEAVILY now passed on the hours with
the fair noviciate of Santa Maria; and
from the protracted absence of Romano,
for which, as neither the confessor or
Eleanor could satisfactorily account, she
became unusually thoughtful and dejected.

The receipt too of a letter from Albert, on the second week after his departure, conspired to augment her uneasiness; an air of melancholy breathed through every line of it, particularly on announcing his arrival, with his mother, at Venice, and of their being since settled at the chateau de Montauban. He dwelt, with much tenderness of feeling, on the misfortunes of his surviving parent, whose irreparable sorrow had (he said) greatly increased, from a circumstance hitherto concealed from her knowledge—the erection in that domain of a mausoleum to the memory of his father; which spot Almeria was now accustomed daily to visit, and to pass several hours in the mournful pleasure of bringing to her recollection the sad and truly (to my idea, said Albert) tormenting remembrance “of departed joys, never more to return!” This train of thought naturally brought to his mind the fears he entertained in respect to Eleanor, the fatal presentiment indulged of their destiny

tiny proving alike unfortunate, and that he was for ever separated from her.

These melancholy epistles from Montauban insensibly communicated the same forebodings to the heart of Eleanor; restless and unhappy, all her former resources of amusement, the proficiency she had acquired in the sister arts of music, painting, and poetry, now became irksome; and at length quite neglected. The summer far advanced in florid beauty, every vale, grove, and rocky-crested mountain, in the vicinity of Valleroy, imparted the charms of rural felicity, yet did they fail to enliven the drooping spirits of Eleanor; the confessor likewise participated in her uneasiness, from the information he had lately received by a friar of the order of St. Benedict, in the province of Gascony, who was on his pilgrimage to the lady of Loretto. The holy father acquainted Lodovico, that on his passing through the town of Tortona, he was accosted by a young man, who, on

learning his destination, requested him to leave the following message at this convent, (being fearful his letter, which was written in great haste, would not come to hand,) "to say that a momentous event having taken place whilst a person named Romano was on his journey into Tuscany, it would prevent his meditated visit to Santa Maria for some months; in the interim, desiring to be kindly remembered to whom that name would be no stranger."

This vague and unsatisfactory intelligence, therefore, of the young Romano, alike affected Lodovico and Eleanor; the most painful conjectures now took possession of their minds; at one time fancying it to proceed from the sudden information received of the death of his father; at another, that the government of Piedmont would not permit the youth to leave the country, and that he was in confinement until he could obtain the intercession of count Anselmo in his behalf.

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These, and many others of inferior consequence, operated to disturb and perplex them; the end of July thus terminated in suspense, sorrow, and disappointment.

On the first day of the succeeding month was the celebration of the same festival at Santa Maria at which Albert de Montauban first saw the beautiful Eleanor; the same splendid, magnificent scene was again to take place in the chapel of the convent, before described. At a very early hour of the morn, this lovely novice arose from her gentle slumbers, and attired herself with more than ordinary care and attention; a change, as sudden as unexpected, was now apparent in the countenance and behaviour of Eleanor; new life, new vigour, was infused into her drooping frame, and breathed such an air of enchantment, as astonished every one. On her descending to the parlour, she was met by the reverend father Lodovico, and several of the

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sisterhood;

sisterhood ; they all complimented Eleanor on her recovered looks, and the taste she had displayed in adjusting her apparel so elegantly neat and becoming. Her appearance, and the vivacity she evinced by her converse that her heart was quite at ease, and even happy, afforded Lodovico the purest pleasure ; he tenderly embraced his lovely relative, blessed her, and then retired. The nuns now becoming extremely anxious to know the cause of this speedy metamorphosis in their young friend, questioned her, laughingly, if she had recently received a letter from her lover ?—" No," said Eleanor ; " nor can I further account for the inward happiness I feel, than that it proceeds from the recollection it was on this very day I first beheld an Albert de Montauban ; for I'm sure," she continued, " the world cannot contain such another."

A loud ringing was now heard to usher from the convent gate. " Ah, sweet model of simplicity !" ejaculated sister
Agnes,

Agnes, "I thought this extacy must proceed from something, some cause to occasion all this wonderful flow of spirits."

"What then do you allude to?" inquired Eleanor.—"Allude to!" significantly resumed the nun, drawing her close to the window; "who is that, pray, now entering the cloisters?"—"Oh, merciful powers! gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Eleanor, "it is the marquis de Montauban!"

This rapturous discovery occasioned great mirth amongst the conventuals, particularly on observing the fluttering emotion of pleasure it produced in Eleanor, who would instantly have flown to meet him, but for the prudent remonstrance now uttered by Agnes, saying, with much gravity, whilst detaining her—"Gently, fair maid, 'they stumble that go fast';" and continued, "surely you do not expect to reap the victory before you deserve it?"—"I am quite at a loss to understand your meaning," said Eleanor;

"my only intention and wish to see Albert being to inquire respecting the health of his revered mother—"—"Could I be induced to believe what you say," interrupted Agnes, "I should think you the most insensible creature in existence; all that I propose is, that you should calmly wait until your presence is solicited."

"I intend it," said Eleanor, visibly piqued at this opposition to her design; "nor am I yet certain whether I shall appear at all."—"You will be very happy to do it if the signior requests it."—"If," resumed Eleanor, proudly, at this doubt advanced by the nun concerning Montauban; and continued with increased spirit, "I don't admire your sceptical knowledge, sister Agnes, nor do I ever wish to be acquainted with it; so fare you well." With apparent indifference, she then began slowly to retire to her own apartment, from whence, by a message she received soon after to wait on the confessor,

confessor, Eleanor proceeded to the cell of Lodovico, and at her entrance, the holy father exclaimed with joy—"My dear child, this day has proved the happiest of my life;" and presenting her with a letter, said, "read, oh, read the contents of this important favour, which I have just received from count Anselmo, who exists only to promote the comforts of others—his own banished for ever!"

Tremblingly she then perused to the following effect:—"That ever interested for the welfare of his adopted daughter, he had, on being apprized of the misfortunes of her family, interceded for them with the duke of Savoy, who, to oblige the count, had made an application to the Republic of Venice in behalf of Romano. The prayer of the petition was granted, with full liberty for the exile and his family to return to their native land." Anselmo's letter then proceeded to say—"That an express was therefore sent off to the brother of Eleanor, at that time

on his journey into Tuscany, to inform him of the result. This intelligence induced the young Romano to delay his intended visit to the convent, and instead of it, to return with all possible dispatch to France, for the purpose of communicating the joyful tidings to his aged father, and to solicit him to accept the offer so graciously obtained by count Anselmo." Inclosed in the preceding letter was an answer the count had received from the elder Romano, announcing the arrival of his son in Paris, with the bandit captain, Oldenzo ; for whose satisfactory information, concerning the event which had recently taken place in the Apennines, his apparently sincere contrition for his past conduct, and the firm resolve he avowed never again to return to Italy, the scene of all his errors and misfortunes, Romano said he had presented the repentant sinner with a small estate of his own, near Versailles, and for which Oldenzo appeared truly grateful. On returning
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to the principal subject of the letter, Romano expressed his heartfelt thanks for the munificence of Anselmo towards the lovely foundling; likewise intimating, that although from some local circumstances he must, at present, decline accepting the honour obtained for him, yet it was accompanied with the hope that he should be able so far to arrange his affairs, as to embrace it the ensuing autumn, be restored to his long-lost child, and personally acknowledge the deep sense of gratitude he entertained for the count's benevolence. The conclusive part of the communication, dictated too, for the first time, by the hand of a parent, so affected Eleanor, that it was with extreme difficulty she could continue the perusal of it. From its contents it appeared that count Anselmo, acquainted of the mutual affection subsisting between Albert and Eleanor, and their acknowledged worthiness, had in a most forcible manner expressed the same to signior Romano, and solicited his

his consent to their union. This important request, to accomplish the happiness of the young people, was assented to, Romano leaving his daughter entirely to the disposal of her noble patron. The general then commented, in grateful terms, on the humanity he had received from the youth, after their unfortunate rencounter, on the memorable day which had, perhaps, decided the future safety of Savoy ; gave to Albert and Eleanor his blessing ; and finished by expressing the joy a father must ever feel at being enabled to promote a daughter's felicity.

The astonishment, the pleasure arising in her breast at so unexpected an event, with the addition of being now apprized by the confessor that her beloved Albert was the person delegated (by a letter he had received from Anselmo) to present this communication, and likewise another inclosed in it, from signior Romano to himself, in which fraternal love was so conspicuously displayed, and his ardent wishes,

wishes, so oft repeated, to be again united to Lodovico in everlasting friendship—these combined sources of satisfaction so overcame Eleanor that she fainted in the arms of her relation. Momentary, however, was the suspension of sense, for the marquis de Montauban, impatient at the protracted absence of the confessor, who had only left him to impart to his niece the above intelligence, had now, therefore, sent an urgent request, by one of the attendant nuns, for the return of Lodovico, and an entreaty to have the happiness of seeing his Eleanor. The name of Albert was a never-failing recipe to recover the drooping faculties of the young novice; a smile beamed through her tears at the well-known sound; and silently offering her hand to the holy father, to be conducted to Montauban, he with alacrity obeyed this command; and the success of Lodovico's embassy was duly appreciated at the re-union of the lovers. They fell at his feet, and implored his

his

his benediction, with pious, unaffected fervour.

The first transports of their joy subsiding, Montauban repeated his urgent solicitations to Lodovico, to consecrate his nuptials with Eleanor on the following morn, that he might present her to his mother, to cheer the forlorn heart of that amiable woman (“so us’d in listless solitude to mourn”) by the contemplation of her son’s felicity. Lodovico smiled at the affectionate warmth of Albert to enter into eternal bondage, and left him entirely to the will and pleasure of his sovereign queen, to fix the fiat of his destiny. With the blush of innocence mantling on her cheek, Eleanor just articulated—“The morrow was too soon—she wished once again to visit Valleroy, to secure some little provision for the present objects of her bounty, the peasantry in the vicinity of that domain, and to—”—“Oh, no more objections, dear Eleanor, I pray,” interrupted Montauban;

“I cannot

“ I cannot allow of any further impediment to my happiness.”

The confessor now interposed, to remove Albert's perplexity, by saying that he imagined one day would be sufficient to accomplish those tender offices proposed by Eleanor, and of bidding adieu to her friends in the convent ; for if they must lose her society, the longer that parting was deferred, the more melancholy would it occasion when that time arrived to them. It was now then mutually settled, that every thing was to be prepared for her departure from Santa Maria the day after the morrow, previous to which the marriage of Albert and Eleanor was to be solemnized in the chapel of the monastery. The holy father then accompanied them to that sanctuary, to be present at the ceremony of high mass. In pious devotion passed the remainder of the day ; and at an early hour on the following morning, Albert returned to the convent, to conduct Eleanor to

Valleroy

Valleroy (which was his abode during his stay in Tuscany). As they proceeded thither, every object presented affecting remembrances, and displayed the taste of its noble possessor, who was a voluntary exile from his country, and all that he once held most dear and venerated. On Montauban's recurring to the temple, and its mysterious inhabitant, with whose vocal strains he had been so enchanted, Eleanor informed him that it had been for more than two years the favourite retreat of the unfortunate nun, the departed Eleonora, whose melancholy history, so closely interwoven with that of Anselmo, pressed on her recollection with unfeigned sorrow; for it was now, she learnt by Albert, that the count, to divert his mind from domestic woes, had again embraced a military life, and accompanied his royal highness prince Eugene to Germany.

“Alas!” sighed Eleanor, “I fear I shall never see my benefactor more; my
spirits

spirits droop at the very thoughts of it;" and continued, "oh, why would my noble lord expose his life to such imminent peril, and endure such accumulated hardships?"

"Doubt not, my love," said Albert, "that the same guardian angel which has hitherto triumphantly shielded Anselmo from the dangers of warfare, and rescued him from the fangs of villany, will still hover over him with the same benignant influence: Cornelius too, the now-acknowledged son of that distinguished personage, follows him to the field of battle, to share his father's fortunes." Montauban then, at the particular request of Eleanor, who, whilst leaning on his arm, shed tears of remembrance, recounted the circumstance (which at a former period he had promised, but was prevented) of his having been taken prisoner by the enemy, and escape to the sea-coast, where he had procured a gondola to convey him to the castle of Oldenzo; that they landed close under the
rocks

rocks of that domain, and by means of bribery, Albert said he obtained permission of the centinels to walk along that part of the ramparts which overlooked the chamber of Eleanor; who now learnt, with extreme pleasure, that the supposed stranger she saw one evening at Oldenzo was her lover, who, at the hazard of his own life, had so tenderly interested himself to preserve hers.

“That night,” continued Albert, “I repaired to the cottage of Zilio, where on a former occasion I had been treated with kindness; for on announcing my name to be Montauban, I found that the old man and his wife had been domestics in our family, but at the period of my lamented father’s imprisonment in the island of Sardinia, they were obliged to seek for other employment, and had obtained the situation they then held with Rodolphus. On Zilio’s informing me that the son of their employer was at Arezzo, and that you, my Eleanor, with
his

his mother, were expected shortly to follow him, impelled by jealousy," he continued, "I determined to have an interview with my supposed rival; and therefore, on the ensuing morning, I set off with all speed for Arezzo; but on my arrival there, learnt, to my great disappointment, that Ernestine had left that place, nor could I obtain any information where he had gone. How much then was that disappointment increased," said Montauban, "when, on my return to the cottage of Zilio, I was informed you had departed from the castle with the wife of Rodolphus, and must, by that time, have arrived at Arezzo!"

"I grieve for the trouble I have occasioned you," replied Eleanor; and on her being further apprized, from coincident circumstances, that it was Albert who, to divert his attention from dwelling too acutely on the fair subject of his thoughts, had played those delightful strains, which so enchanted the female travellers,

travellers, on the eventful evening of their being taken by the banditti, she fervently expressed her gratitude to Heaven that Montauban was unconscious of her distressful situation, as in the attempt of her rescue from the robbers, it was most probable she would have been deprived of him for ever.

The remaining part of Albert's adventures had been already related to Eleanor by the vintagers, yet did she listen to their repetition with peculiar satisfaction, as affording an added proof, if any was necessary, of Montauban's affection for her, and fidelity. On their entrance into the domain of Valleroy, the most tender recollections arose in the minds of Albert and Eleanor, of the period of their early loves, and the late surprising chain of events, which had thus cemented two hearts formed by nature in the finest mould, and destined to support and assist each other in mutual happiness.

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This noble edifice was now refitting, with the utmost splendour, in the expectation of its being soon to welcome its revered lord; the domestics having received information that at the close of the campaign, count Anselmo, accompanied by his son Cornelius, would again honour it with his presence. The servants had so much news to impart, and so many acknowledgments to make to Eleanor for her benevolence towards them, and that was followed by such numerous congratulations from the neighbouring peasantry, who were informed of her approaching marriage, and who had now come to the castle to take an affectionate farewell of their little patroness, that the evening had commenced without either Albert or Eleanor being conscious of the lapse of time, or their very limited stay at Valley-roy; now, however, Montauban fearing the night dews might be prejudicial to her health, proposed their departure, and which being assented to, he again conducted

ducted his fair charge to the convent; and on their arrival at Santa Maria, they had the pleasure of being acquainted by Lodovico that the preparations for the eventful morrow were completed. The lovers again separated; but light passed the intervening hours to that period which was to decide the fate of Albert and of Eleanor.

The harbinger of day, the soft, enamoured wood-lark's note, was no sooner heard, than, swift as thought, Montauban hastened to claim his promised treasure. The matin-service had just concluded as Albert was announced to be arrived at the convent; Eleanor then tremblingly whispered her last adieu to the venerable abbess, and the sisterhood of Santa Maria, those beloved associates of her youth, who mingled tears as they embraced her, praying to be sometimes remembered; and with the tender assurances they received from her that she would ever preserve a friendly correspondence with them,

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they melancholy retired to solitude, and their habitual confinement. Eleanor obeyed the summons to attend on her destined lord; and before another measured glass was run, the marriage of Albert de Montauban and Eleanor Romano was magnificently consecrated in the chapel of the convent. The confessor Lodovico officiated at the ceremony, and having bestowed on them his benediction, he conducted the happy pair from the holy altar, and preceded by a band of white-robed virgins, led them to an apartment in the monastery, where they partook of an elegant repast prepared for the occasion.

A chorus of female voices, accompanied by the harp and mellifluous flute, now chanted pæans on this auspicious morn.

Lodovico, congratulating Albert on the attainment of his wishes, expressed likewise the pleasure he felt at the good fortune of Eleanor, in being allied to one

whose congeniality of taste and disposition must so greatly conduce to her future happiness; yet the tear of regret, at losing her society, oft stole down his woe-worn cheek, particularly on leading his lovely relative to the carriage which was in waiting to conduct her from this peaceful abode, to mingle with a world in which sorrow is too oft the attendant on those most deserving of its smiles. The bride and bridegroom affectionately embraced the holy man, assured him of their intention frequently to visit Santa Maria, and that he should ever be their guide, and revered by them as their most valued friend. These consolatory promises at present failed of their effect; for on the signal being given soon afterwards by Montauban to the postillions to proceed on their return to Venice, and Albert and Eleanor waving their hands to Lodovico as a last farewell, his tearful eyes evinced his distress, and therefore, unable to subdue his emotions, he silently withdrew.

Whilst

Whilst the new-married couple are journeying to their destined habitation, the chateau de Montauban, we shall relate some account respecting the wife of the deceased Rodolphus, who is suffering all the agony of a wounded conscience. Madame Rodolphus had long entertained a criminal passion for count Anselmo, which, although never discovered to the object of her amour, for his supposed indifference to her acknowledged charms, she resolved to be revenged, and therefore left no means untried to excite her husband to the execution of his plans meditated against the life and honour of Anselmo. Previous to the publication of the libel, they had, for several months, resided at Turin. Rodolphus, on tendering information to the police of a suspected traitor to the government, particularly avoided uttering any insinuation against the count, only saying that at such a period (by him mentioned) they would, by searching the dwellings in the vicinity

of Port de Suzé, discover a libel, and the author of it; from which ambiguity, and the circumstance of general de Montauban's residence being near the spot, as it has been already related, the real design failed. Other devices were had recourse to; but none succeeded until the fated marriage of the count with Almeria, for then the exasperated and vicious minds of Rodolphus and his wife had full scope to work upon. Such iniquity, however, has at length received its due punishment. Madame Rodolphus, on hearing the intelligence of the loss of her son, and that being soon followed by the more disastrous tidings of the ignominious death of her husband, she became a prey to all the horrors of remorse; abandoned by the world, and a torment to herself, this frail and misguided woman had now, therefore, retired into a convent for the remainder of her life.

On the arrival of Albert and Eleanor at the chateau de Montauban, they were
welcomed

welcomed by its inhabitants with expressions of the most enthusiastic joy; to the mind of the amiable Almeria, it cast once again a ray of hope that her future days might contentedly pass in philosophic retirement; and what greatly heightened that opinion, was a letter she had lately received from a person named Bertini, acquainting her of the decease of the monk of Camaldoli; in his dying moments confessing himself to have been the assassin of count Fernando at Naples; but that it was from a mistake—his real intention aimed at sacrificing to his ambition the son of his friend, to prevent any serious inquiry respecting the property said to have been left to the monk by the late marquis de Montauban. By this man's acknowledgement it now appeared that the will was forged, the monk having erased the name of Leontine (who was the legal heir) and inserted his own instead of it. From this confession, therefore, Bertini acquainted Almeria, that in right of her

deceased husband, the estates so unjustly withheld by the monk of Camaldoli devolved upon her, with immediate possession.

Painful is it to trace the designs, and too-oft successful acts of depraved characters; that task, however, is completed, and with peculiar satisfaction we turn to describe the rewards of virtue.

During the festivities which now commenced, and continued for some weeks at this mansion, in honour of Albert de Montauban's marriage, his mother, from her particular request, was permitted to remain in seclusion. Those entertainments terminating, and the numerous assemblage of nobility, who graced the occasion, departed, domestic comfort here supremely reigned; and in the bosom of friendship swiftly glided away the hours, to that period in which the young marchioness was rendered completely blessed, by the affectionate embrace of her newly-found parent, who, in the third month
after

after the marriage of Albert and Eleanor, arrived, with his son, at this domain, to congratulate them, and to be a delightful witness of their mutual love and felicity. The father's heart beat high, at beholding in his long-lost daughter, a woman so distinguished by every female charm, and possessing so many rare and elegant accomplishments. The first transports of this happy meeting having subsided, he introduced a young stranger to them, who, he said, had accompanied him from France ; it was Antonio, the brother of Lauretta, with whose history Albert and Eleanor were well acquainted ; great then was their satisfaction to learn that it was through the interest of general Romano Antonio had been extricated from his confinement, and relieved of the embarrassments that his fatal passion for writing and commencing authorship had unfortunately drawn him into ; yet ever destined to labour for the support or amusement of others, the young man was now

employed by the general as an amanuensis, and for which he was found well qualified.

Antonio having been politely received by Almeria, and the marquis and marchioness de Montauban, he then retired to seek for his sister Lauretta, lately become the wife of Lupino, and whom, from their mutual wish and request to the family, were still allowed to hold their respective situations.

All language fails to delineate with truth the happiness which subsisted at this domain; every individual felt its soul-uplifting power, one solitary instance excepted, one revered object, who still claims our sincerest regard and pity, and for whose repose of mind we are so justly interested—it is Almeria, who in the various titles of daughter, wife, and mother, shone so conspicuous in every feminine and endearing virtue—Almeria, that saint-like woman, whose countenance, although dressed in smiles, still cherishes the cancer-worm

ker-worm of sorrow in her heart; and since the late confirmation of the honourable character of count Anselmo, deeply mourns the untoward events which have thus deprived her of his society and exalted friendship.

Signior Romano and his son having now passed three weeks at the chateau, and at the express desire of his daughter, purchased a villa in its vicinity for his future residence, they determined to set out for Tuscany, on a visit to count Anselmo. The campaign had lately closed, with infinite honour to the troops and their royal commander; and therefore they thought it highly probable, that if not already returned, the count must be hourly expected at Valleroy. Romano, who had visited that place, and the convent of Santa Maria, prior to his arrival at the chateau, expressed surprise, however, at not having heard to that effect by the confessor Lodovico, the brothers having been mutually reconciled, and at

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parting,

parting, interchanged reiterated promises of a frequent correspondence with each other.

On the day preceding the departure of these welcome visitors, the marquis de Montauban gave an elegant entertainment, which was dignified, for the first time, by the presence of Almeria, who, although extremely averse to appear in scenes of gaiety, yet, as a compliment to her beloved relatives, she acquiesced with their entreaties; and on the health of count Anselmo being drank by the company with appropriate honours, marked her respect, by performing it in solemn silence. This circumstance, however, reviving in her mind, with added force, his severe misfortunes, she became agitated and unhappy, and soon afterwards requested permission to retire.

Almeria took an affectionate leave of signior Romano and his son, and, attended by Eleanor, regained her chamber; on complaining, however, of being indisposed,

posed, and requiring rest, she then bade her daughter good-night; but as the young marchioness was going to leave her, remarked that she felt a presentiment the proposed journey of their visitors would be rendered unnecessary.

“ Perhaps, dear mother,” said Eleanor, “ you suppose the count will shortly honour us with a visit here ? ” — “ I know not what to think,” she replied ; “ but of this I am well assured, *I shall never again behold him.*”

The melancholy of Almeria now communicated itself to her companion, and their fears so increased by participation, that the least noise or footstep, that echoed through the mansion, alarmed and filled them with superstitious dread of receiving unwelcome tidings.

Nothing, however, transpired to prevent the departure of Romano and his son for Tuscany ; they left the chateau at an early hour on the ensuing morn, accompanied with the good wishes of their friends,

friends, and their wafted love to the inhabitants of Santa Maria and Valleroy. A deep sigh reverberated from Almeria to Eleanor as they pronounced the name of Valleroy—mysterious divination! prophetic fears! alas! how soon were ye unhappily verified! Romano did depart; but ere the fifth hour had passed of his absence, a messenger arrived at the chateau de Montauban, to announce to them the dire intelligence—“*Anselmo was no more!*”

That in a sudden, unlooked-for hour, the iron hand of death had deprived the country of one of the noblest patriots which ever adorned the lists of fame. “Yet,” continued the stranger, “must we stay the soft tribute of a tear, for it is Heaven has directed the blow: touched with pity for his silent griefs, beyond the aid of earthly cure, ministering angels have borne the hero to a glorious immortality.”

Reason, however, could not silence or allay the poignant distress which overwhelmed Almeria and Eleanor on hearing
of

of this melancholy event; and a considerable time elapsed ere they could endure to listen to the further relation of the messenger, whose name, he said, was Lusignan. It was indeed that faithful servant, who, from his unremitting endeavours to preserve the honour of his late patron unsullied from the attacks of malignity, became a prey to an illness, which had confined him for near three months in the island of Sardinia, to which place he had twice ineffectually resorted, to procure information respecting the mysterious proceedings at the castle of Oristagni. On learning, however, that his revered lord was extricated from every impending danger, the health of Lusignan daily improved, and at length sufficiently to permit him to return to Turin, and to be reinstated in his former employment.

It was by the request of Cornelius that he had now come to the chateau de Montauban, to impart the afflicting intelligence
that

that count Anselmo had received his death-wound in Germany, and during a contest with the enemy, which so nobly awarded an additional wreath of fame to himself and his royal commander. Lusignan then continued, by saying the dying pangs of Anselmo were of short duration, and the moment of dissolution considered by the sufferer as a termination of every sorrow, and a portal to those celestial regions where pleasure for ever reigns. That the body of the revered chieftain had been conveyed, with due solemnity, (attended by Cornelius as principal mourner,) to Piedmont, and at length to Turin; the sacred load then deposited, with every mark of veneration and military honours, in the vault of his ancestors, near the remains of the hapless Eleonora.

To the surprise manifested by Montauban, at not having received a previous intimation of this distressing event, he said—"It arose from the difficulty of obtaining information from the seat of warfare;

fare;

fare; the government of Piedmont knew not the loss their country had sustained until within a few hours arrival of the funereal procession at Turin." Signior Lusignan then presented the marquis with a copy of the will of the late count Anselmo, wherein he had bequeathed to Almeria (styling her only as the *widow* of the lamented Montauban) one-third of his immense estates in the province of Tuscany, at her death to descend to Eleanor and her heirs for ever; and with the exception of several legacies to his domestics and particular friends, the remainder, with the family title, the superb casket containing the portrait of the deceased Eleonora, (which Marsias Luzzara had stated to have formerly been presented to his father by Rodolphus, who had fraudulently obtained it from its original possessor,) and the domain of Valleroy, were bequeathed to Cornelius, now count Anselmo. Thus concluded the mission of Lusignan, and on the eve of his departure
from

from the chateau de Montauban, a letter arrived from general Romano to his daughter, dated Valleroy, to which place, he acquainted her, the distinguished orphan of the late Anselmo had retired; but that not all the wealth, the honours, so profusely bestowed on Cornelius, could for an instant relieve the anguish he suffered for the loss of his parents.

By the communication of Romano, it appeared that neither himself nor his son were apprized of that event, until their arrival at Valleroy, where they found the confessor Lodovico employed, as usual, in the benevolent office of tendering advice and consolation to the afflicted. It likewise stated, that from such indulged grief, the constitution of Cornelius was much impaired, and that he had been advised by his physicians, as the only chance for recovery, to change the air and scene.

In a few weeks after the receipt of this letter, general Romano and his son (accompanied by count Anselmo) returned
to

to the chateau, from whence the latter, after a short and melancholy interview with the marquis and marchioness de Montauban, departed for England. Cornelius was attended by Lusignan and Rubinelli, whose fears having been relieved respecting the supposed haunted temple, Lodovico acknowledging that it was from him those menaces proceeded, for the purpose of expediting a return to Turin, the old servant had gladly retained his situation.

A prosperous voyage soon wafted them to the shores of Britain, where Cornelius renewed his acquaintance with the honourable Mr. Delaval and family, who, on their return to England, had purchased an estate near the sea-coast, in Sussex, and from the friendly politeness which subsisted during their intercourse at Avignon, it is almost needless to say that the youth was received by them with every mark of respect and cordiality, and that he became more than ever enamoured with Horatia; the natural gracefulness of
her

her appearance, and simplicity of manners, added an indefinable effect to those personal charms with which she was so highly endowed. The fears that had hitherto assailed him now vanished; as the son of an obscure Italian citizen, it would have been, in his idea, presumptuous to solicit the honour of her hand in marriage; but now, as the acknowledged heir of an exalted family, joined to the pleasing assurance of possessing her affection, Anselmo no longer hesitated. The declaration of his ardent love, and subsequent proposals to her father for their union, was assented to; and on the year of mourning being expired, Horatia Delaval became countess Anselmo. In a few weeks after this felicitous event, Cornelius bore his lovely bride to Italia's fertile plains, and the delightful retreat of Valleroy, where they enjoyed that kind of happiness assuredly the most lasting, in pursuit of knowledge, and the sublime contemplations of religion and morality. Cornelius had supported

ported the shafts of adversity with manly courage and fortitude; and in the hour of prosperity, justifying the opinion formed of him by such conduct, was humane, gentle, and generous.

An alliance of the strongest friendship now commenced between Montauban and Anselmo. Experience had proved to them, by the hapless destiny of their paternal parents, the cares, the dangers, too oft attendant on popularity and pre-eminence of station; years of labour and difficulty required to attain a post of honour; but that a word, perhaps, from the foul breath of calumny, has power to destroy the noble fabric thus raised by intellectual merit, and to consign it to ignominy and everlasting disgrace. Thus soberly reflecting upon the insufficiency of worldly fame to confer happiness, their ambition was confined to scenes of domestic life, in exercising the "rights of hospitality," and making all who approached them virtuous and contented;
and

and their reward, the blessings of a poor but honest and industrious people.

The elements of discord, which had for a time visited these domains, now dispersed ; the goddess of peace resumed her sway, and long continued to wave her olive branch over the noble descendants of the castles of Montauban and Valleroy.

THE END.





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